



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



48. 1150.



POLITY OF REASON.

In a few days, super-royal 32mo., price 1s.

METTERNICH,
AND THE
AUSTRIAN RULE IN LOMBARDY.

A NARRATIVE OF THE INSURRECTIONS

IN

VIENNA AND MILAN.

BY

D. WEMYSS JOBSON, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF "THE CAREER OF LOUIS PHILIPPE."

Super-royal 32mo., price 1s.

ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

BY M. LOUIS BLANC,

Member of the Provisional Government.

"So long as this immense problem shall not be solved in the interest of all, there never will be repose for society, nor security for the rich man; he is as much interested as the operative, that its solution be prompt, and, above all, equitable."—LAMARTINE.

Super-royal 32mo., price 1s.

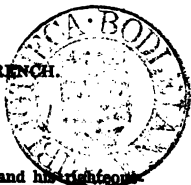
HEROIC WOMEN
OF
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

THE
POLITY OF REASON,

OR, THE
RATIONALE OF GOVERNMENT.

BY
M. DE LAMARTINE,
Member of the Provisional Government of France.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—St. MATTHEW vi., 33.

LONDON:
H. G. CLARKE & CO., 278, STRAND.
1848.

P. P. THOMS, PRINTER, 12, WARWICK SQUARE.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE ideas and opinions of any man occupying the high position of Minister of State, would be of interest and importance, at any time,—since, upon the accordance of such a man's views with wisdom and virtue, must depend the happiness, temporary or permanent, of a vast number of human beings. But that interest and that importance become augmented, in an incalculable degree, when the opinions are of a man, who, like M. de Lamartine, from the peculiarity of his position, as Minister in a newly organized State, grasps the destinies of generations yet unborn, and may, in a measure, mould them to his will. In a community with established institutions, the conduct or theories of a ruler may be of momentous effect, even though their influence is checked by the counterpoise always at hand, to balance and rectify the errors of government. In a society which, like France, is in a state of transition, where institutions are shaken to the base, whose

very framework is all unhinged, and threatening to crumble to pieces, the popular leader has all the power of a despot; and upon his judgment, prudence, and uprightness, hangs the safety of the whole fabric, until time, and the gradual settlement of the social elements, now floating about in unregulated confusion, shall introduce a more stable and enduring form of government;—more accessible to the voice of reason, and more amenable to the legitimately-expressed opinion of its constituents. With such views, I cannot but set much value upon any information that will throw light upon so serious a subject as the predominating opinions of the Provisional Government of France, and of its chief members. For, whatever may be urged by the experienced tacticians who support legitimacy and monarchy, and who have put forth all their strength, in reference to recent events, I cannot make up my mind to see those fatal and irremovable causes of decline and ruin, in the very essence and life of republican institutions. Few Englishmen have cause to be dissatisfied with the political constitution of their government. Modifications and improvements may be advan-

tageously made, and probably a very material extension to the masses of the political rights concentrated in privileged classes, would be an improvement; but still the fundamental principles are not likely to be altered for the better. Such remarks can in no wise be applicable to the majority of Continental Governments. But the social condition of the productive classes,—growing food they do not eat, fabricating garments they do not wear; the heads and hands from whom all our luxuries and necessities flow; and yet, in the midst of all the wealth, magnificence and profusion they create, suffering penury and privations, and sunk in the depths of ignorance and wretchedness, and their attendant vice, whose state is a violation of even the Law, which decrees that the ox shall not be muzzled who treads out the corn, and is a daily and hourly contravention of the whole spirit and tenour of the Gospel:—their condition is of as much importance to England, as to any other nation, and involves the question of her very being.

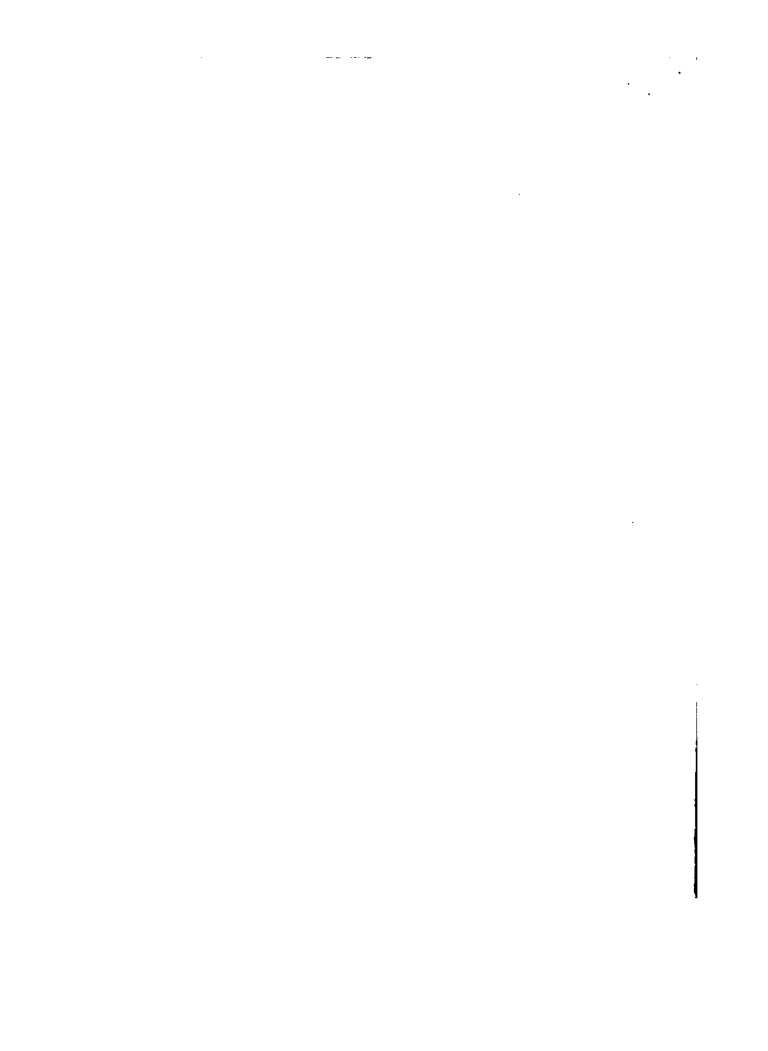
A change having been made in France, the wished-for opportunity is open for an attempt at

the amelioration of man's position, and the rectification of those anomalies of social existence which it would be blasphemy of the Almighty's goodness to affirm are ineradicable; and, for the necessity of which, as a part of the great chain of man's creation, existence, and temporal and eternal progression, it would be exceedingly difficult to convince the mind which could divest itself of self-interest, and impartially consider the actual world. That there is a vast disproportion in the lot of men, is undeniable; that that disproportion, were it a primal law, would be unjust, is irrefragable; and although I am not so Utopian as to suppose, while aware of the inherent selfishness of man, that the Millennium is at hand, when all men shall enjoy a perfect equality of blessings, and when rivalry and enmity shall cease;—still I do think that, without the flagrant violation of individual rights, or of man's liberty and free-will, so much dreaded by the advocates of things as they are, much might be done to bring the extremes of society a little nearer together. And, without sweeping away the merited success attendant upon judgment, ability, and industry,—still,

that such a state of things might be effected as would ensure an equitable government, an impartial administration of justice, the universal *right* of expression of opinion, with the *means* of expressing it ; and, finally, the security to all industrious and peaceful members of society, of a reasonable subsistence, adequate to the supply of their first wants, and to their relief from the misery and despair, which overtakes and overwhelms, even in the most prosperous countries, so many thousands of human beings. All this I think within the scheme of God's organization of this world ; but man being created a sentient, reasoning being, and free agent, the means are left to be worked out by himself : he is to be the author of his own welfare or wretchedness ; and, as his highest blessings flow from his associative habits, as society of his fellows is indispensably necessary to his mental and physical development, to his elevation here and hereafter, and, as solitude is in opposition to the first principles of his being,—so he must take the converse of the picture, and must submit to the evils of his gregarious condition, so long as his ignorance or indolence prevent him from pro-

48. 1150.





POLITY OF REASON.

"Loving, Praying, Singing, they are all my Life.—LAMARTINE, 1820.

"Social Labour is the daily and obligatory toll of every man who participates in the dangers and benefits of society.—LAMARTINE, 1839.

MEMOIR.

IF you cast your eyes on the last years of the eighteenth century, in France, amid that glorious phalanx of fiery and eloquent orators, of men of science of the first order, of intrepid soldiers who escort the expiring century, you will seek in vain for true poets. Excepting André Chénier,* whose voice the headsman cut short so rudely, you will not find a single one.

And yet, what epoch was ever more luxuriant of poetry in the handsome and the ugly kind! Internally, what an inexhaustible source of bloody and dishevelled dramas! A throne, the most brilliant in the world, which disappears as if struck by lightning: a whole nation uprising, bellowing and terrible, which wipes off the institutions of ten centuries: the ancient world, which is debating in the anguish of a conclusive agony. And then, externally, what grand epic poems! Moreau, who transforms peasant tatterdemalions into heroes; Pichegru, who takes fleets by a charge, and Bonaparte, who plays Hannibal over again, without his Capua.

* The poet of the Revolution of 1799.

Stunned with all this din of arms, horses, cannons, nations rushing on nations, edifices falling under the mines of their destroyers ; enveloped in a vapour of blood which exhales from the soil and smothers it, poetry is mute, because poetry is much less the reflection of the present than the evocation of the past or the divination of the future ; because poetry is not the tocsin that rings during the storm, but much rather the sea-mew, with plaintive cries, that announces it, or the rainbow that follows it.

The first-born and the greatest poet of our age, Chateaubriand, obscure and unknown, concealed in a suburb of London, wrote his "Essay on Revolutions," in the noise of the most terrible one of all ; and Mad. de Staël, a wild swan, driven by the tempest far from her native seas, goes away, seeking everywhere some sheltering solitude, where she can bring forth "Corinne."

Foreign nations themselves, as if struck with stupor, leave unfinished that share of the furrow which is imposed on them in the field of intelligence, to come and contemplate with an eye of fright that torrent which dashes onwards, rolling along, in its foaming waters, all the ruins of the past. Alfieri, that old Roman of degenerate Italy, makes his strong voice heard at intervals ; but

this voice dies isolated, without echo. Walter Scott, a child, plays carelessly in the heaths of Scotland ; and Byron, in his cradle, holds the rattle in the hand that is to write " Childe Harold." In the heart of Saxony, in a little corner of Germany, the old oaks of Weimar protect with their shade a cluster of poets ; but the noise of conflict out-vies their melodious carolling, and Europe forgets Göethe, Schiller, Wieland and Herder, to follow with their eyes Moreau, and the Archduke Charles, who measure strength on the Rhine ; Bonaparte and Wurmser who are disputing Italy.

Poetry, then, is mute, but she is not dead, for poetry dies not ; emanating from God, she is, like him, imperishable. Let the storm go by, and you are going to hear the finest choir of harmonious voices that has ever enchanted human ears. Poetry of soul, poetry of sense, poetry of imagination, René, Atala the martyr, Corinne, Werther, Wallenstein, Waverley, Oberon, Don Juan,—you will have all that, and then at last, inner poetry, the poetry of the heart, which will well forth, pale and sad, but beautiful, like a flower born on ruins. At the moment when the gentle Chénier drops his lyre, a noble youth, with fair hair, is growing up on the borders of the Saône ; that youth will pick up Chénier's Greek lyre ; he will join on to it a Chris-

tian string ; and the world, surprised, rapt with this new melody, will repeat with love the name of LAMARTINE.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born at Mâcon, the 21st Oct., 1790. His family name is De Prat : later, he takes the name of a maternal uncle. His father was major of a cavalry regiment under Louis XVI., and his mother was grand-daughter of Mad. des Roys, under-governess of the Princes of Orleans. Thus attached to the ancient order of things, his family was struck by the Revolution ; and his most distant recollections refer to a gloomy guard-house, where he was taken to visit his father. The worst days of the Terror had passed, and M. de Lamartine's family retired into an obscure property at Milly, where his young days slipped away in peace. The remembrance of this domestic serenity of his early days is never effaced in his mind ; and many a time, at a later period in his life, as traveller and poet, he has been pleased to call up the soft images of that humble country-house at Milly, with *its seven lime trees* ; of his old father ; his mother, with her grave and gentle demeanour ; of his sisters, who *were suckled at the same breast* ; of those great trees, laden with shade, of those fields, those hills, those vallies, mute witnesses of the joys of a free and happy infancy !

"My mother," he says somewhere, "had received from her mother, on her death-bed, a handsome Bible of Royaumont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. That Bible had engravings of sacred subjects on all its leaves. When I had read a half-page of the holy history through tolerably well, my mother would uncover the picture, and, holding the volume open on her knees, would allow me to contemplate it, as my reward. The silvery, affectionate, solemn, and impassioned tones of her voice, added to all she said an accent of force, of charm, and of love, which, till this moment, rings in my ears, alas! after six years of silence." Do you see that handsome, blue-eyed boy, who is to be Lamartine? Do you see him leaning on his mother's knees, intent on her words, opening his young mind to all the harmonies of an oriental nature, and drawing from the Book of books his first instincts of poetry?

Soon the boy had to quit the paternal roof. He was sent to finish his education at Belley, at the College of the Pères de la Foi. The religious germs he held from his mother were powerfully developed in this melancholy cloister solitude. The beautiful episode of "Jocelyn" is full of reminiscences borrowed from this austere and calm life of the holy house.

After leaving college, M. de Lamartine spent some time at Lyons, made a short and a first tour in Italy, and came to Paris in the first days of the empire. Brought up in a hatred of the Imperial régime, M. de Lamartine made his *début* in the world, without well knowing which way he should turn himself. Far away from the maternal eye, sometimes oblivious of the severe precepts inculcated in his mind, the young man abandoned himself a little, as it is said, to the excitement of life, dividing his hours between study and the distractions of his age, going, says Sainte Beuve, to make merry with Jussieu, in the Forest of Vincennes, and to carve the bark of the oaks, dreaming already of literary, particularly dramatic, glory; and well received by Talma, who was pleased to hear him recite, with his vibrating and mournful voice, the fragments of "Saul," an unpublished tragedy.

In 1813, the poet returned into Italy: the greater part of the "*Méditations*" were inspired by its lovely sky, and that delicious page in the "*Harmonies*" entitled "*Premier Amour*," (first love) would make one believe in some sweet and early mystery of the heart, buried under the slab of the tomb. On the fall of the empire, the young gentleman came to offer his services to the

old race, who had had the blood and the affections of his fathers; and he entered a company of *Gardes du Corps*.

After the hundred days, M. de Lamartine quitted the service. A passion absorbed his entire being: that passion made his fame. Love came to agitate the spring of poetry, which lay dormant in the depths of his soul: way must be made for the bubbling wave. The object of this mysterious passion, that Elvire, loving and beloved, snatched from his arms by death, will live again in his verses. Lamartine will sing to eternise her name, and to her France will owe her poet.

It was in 1820: the mythological, descriptive, and refined versifiers of the Voltairian school had so thoroughly killed poetry, that no one would touch it any more. A young man, scarce restored from a cruel illness, his countenance pale with suffering, and covered with a veil of sadness, in which might be read the recent loss of an adored being, went about from bookseller to bookseller, hawking a little roll of verses, wetted with tears. Everywhere the poet and his poetry were politely shown the door. At last, one man, a better judge, or may be, led away by the infinite grace of the young man, decides on accepting the manuscript so often refused: the kind-hearted bookseller was

called, I think, Nicolle. Thanks, M. Nicolle ! Posterity owes you a thought. Who knows, but for you, perhaps, the discouraged poet might have committed his precious treasure to the flames, and the world would have lost Lamartine.

The book was printed ; tossed, without name, without recommendation, into that stormy sea, which then, as now, has swallowed up so many volumes. Have you any recollection of that modest 18mo. falling by any chance into your hands, when you were about fifteen, and had hope in your soul, and love in your head ? No name, no preface, no idyl, not the least bucolic, nothing bellicose nor roaring,—“*Méditations Poétiques*,”—quite short : you opened it, carelessly, you read the two first verses,—

Souvent sur la montagne, à l'ombre du vieux chêne,
Au coucher du soleil tristement je m' assieds.

Oft on the mountain side, in the shade of an ancient
oak,

At set of sun, sadly I take my seat.—

You found it wasn't so bad ; you read on, and came to the last stanza :—

Quand la feuille des bois tombe dans la prairie,
Le vent du soir se lève, et l'arrache aux vallons ;
Et moi je suis semblable à la feuille flétrie
Emportez moi comme elle orageux Aquilons !

When on the mead the leafy honours fall,
The wind of ev'ning sweeps them down the vale :
And am I not a withered leaf in all ?
Then let me, too, be borne upon the gale !

Your soul was touched ; you went on ; emotion redoubled ; you came to the end, and then a long cry of admiration escaped you ; you wept, you hid the book under your pillow, to read it again : for this chaste melancholy, and hidden love, was your own ; that sweet and gentle reverie was your own ; that gnawing doubt was your own ; the thought, sometimes smiling, sometimes mournful,—passing from despair to hope, from abasement to enthusiasm, from the Creator to the creature,—thought, vague, uncertain, and floating, it was just yours, ours, every one's idea ; it was the thought of the age, until then lying hidden in the depths of the soul, which had just found a tongue, a form,—and what a form ! a rhythm of celestial melody, an easy-cadenced and sonorous verse, which vibrates sweetly, like an Eolian harp, trembling in the evening breeze.

Everything has been said on this, the poet's first work : every one knows by heart the "Ode to Byron," "The Evening," "The Lake," "Autumn," &c. In four years, 45,000 copies of the "Meditations," were spread over the world.

After a lapse of twenty years, the sublime voice of René found a harmonious echo; and, with a single bound, M. de Lamartine placed himself on the same pedestal, by the side of the demigods of the age,—Chateaubriand, Göethe, and Byron.

This literary success, the most brilliant of the day since the "*Génie du Christianisme*," opened a diplomatic career to M. de Lamartine. An attaché of the Florence embassy, he set out for Tuscany, and there, on that inspiring soil, in the midst of the splendours of an Italian fête, they say that he heard a foreign, tender, and melodious voice whisper in his ear these verses of the "*Meditations*:"—

Peut être l'avenir me gardait il encore
Un retour de bonheur dont l'espoir est perdu ;
Peut être dans la foule une ame que j'ignore
Aurait compris mon ame et m' aurait répondu.

Perchance the future yet again shall give
A bliss, whereof the very hope is gone ;
Perchance, amid the crowd, one soul may live,
To share my heart, and answer me alone.

The soul of the poet was understood; he found a second Elvira, and some months afterwards he became the happy husband of a young and wealthy Englishwoman, captivated at once with his person and his glory.

From that time to 1825, the poet resided suc-

cessively at Naples, as secretary of the embassy, sometime in London, under the same title, and then returned to Tuscany, as *chargé d'affaires*. In the interval, his fortune, already considerable by his marriage, was further increased by inheritance to that of an opulent uncle. Neither diplomacy nor the splendour of an aristocratic life could, however, withdraw M. de Lamartine from his devotion to poetry.

The "Second Meditation" appeared in 1823, and in this new work a more correct, more decided, more precise, versification was perceptible; the poet had quitted the domain of soul; great historical facts furnished him with noble inspirations. People admired the "Ode to Bonaparte," "Sappho," the "Preludes," and "Le Poète Mourant," (The Dying Poet); this book was soon followed by the poetic sketch of "Socrates," and of the "Last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." In these verses, destined to complete Byron's epopee, the poet thus terminated an eloquent tirade on the debasement of Italy.—

Je vais chercher ailleurs (pardonnez, ombre Romaine!)
Des hommes et non pas de la poussière humaine.

(Your pardon, Roman shades), here I must not stay
Would I find men—Here there's nought but clay.

This apostrophe appeared offensive to a Neapolitan officer, Colonel Pépé. In the name of his nation, he demanded satisfaction of M. de Lamartine for it. The poet defended his lines with his sword, and received a severe wound, which placed his life in danger for some time. Scarce re-established, he hastened to intercede with the Grand Duke in favour of his adversary.

After publishing the "*Chant du Sacre*" (The Coronation Song), the poet returned to France in 1829; and, in the May of the same year, the "*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*" appeared. In this work, the inner revelation of his daily thoughts, M. de Lamartine put out his strength. From that graceful hymn of "*Premier Amour*," to his gigantic evocation of all the human miseries (*Verba Novissima*), the poet ran up and down the immense gamut, which starts from reverie to mount to enthusiasm, or sink to despair.

Less acceptable to the vulgar, by reason of its psychological intuition, and coming out, besides, during great political commotion, the "*Harmonies*" remained the book of the *élite*,—a book which one likes to look through in hours of silence, into which one dips to listen to the inner voice.

M. de Lamartine had just been received at the army, and was on the point of leaving for

Greece as Minister Plenipotentiary, when the Revolution of July broke out. The new government offered to continue his title to him; he refused, and remained to salute, with his last adieus, those three generations of kings, urged by fate to a new exile. Like M. de Chateaubriand, the poet was dreaming, after the three days, of the alliance of the past and the future on the head of a child;—destiny decided otherwise.

This tribute of sympathy once paid to great misfortune, M. de Lamartine threw himself heartily into the new field opened to mind by the Revolution of July. He says.—

“The past is no more than a dream; we may regret it, but we must not lose the day, in useless wailings. It is always permissible, always honourable, to take part in other’s misfortune; but we must gratuitously take share in a fault that we have not committed. . . . We must enter the ranks of the citizens, to think, act, speak, fight, with the family of families, with the country.”

Here a tendency hitherto unperceived begins to be revealed in M. de Lamartine. “*To love, to pray, to sing, are all my life!*” said the happy lover of Elvira; now, after drawing us in his footsteps into the mysterious sanctuary of the heart, whose secrets he knows, M. de Lamartine is smit-

ten with love for external life; sighs for the storms of the tribune; descends from the heights of the empyrean to enter the forum; and is going to don the parliamentary toga over that of the poet.

His first steps in this new career were marked by a check. The electors of Toulon and Dunkirk refused him their votes. We have not forgotten the discourteous words addressed to him on this subject, by the poet Barthélémy. The public were the gainers of an epistle sparkling with beauties, in which, from the apex of his glory, M. de Lamartine crushed the author of "Nemesis."*

Some time afterwards, he decided to carry out the project of his whole life; and, 20th May, 1832, he was at Marseilles, ready to embark for Asia. Is it not a singular fact,—this irresistible impulse, which seems to push all the geniuses of our epoch towards the east—Napoleon, Chateaubriand, Byron, Lamartine? Göethe did not see the east; but those who have read the "Divan," know with what love he dreamed of it, and guessed at it in his dreams. Is that magnificent cradle to be one day the asylum of mankind's last days? Is it written, that the grand army of

* It was just at this period, that the following letter, brilliant with the new light of his political convictions, was written by him.

civilization will encamp under their tents in Arabia; and is M. de Lamartine to be one of those missionaries of the future, sent from on high, to explore the desert, and prepare its ways?*

After sixteen months' journey, M. de Lamartine brought from the East great ideas and a beautiful book. Treasure, alas! too dearly purchased; for he lost there his only child, his fair-haired Julia, for whom this noble heart of a father and a poet weeps, like Rachel, who would not be comforted. M. de Lamartine's book had but a limited success. It seems that the critics and the public took the modest lines in the preface in earnest, where the author makes light of his work. Now, with all respect for the public, for the critics, and for Lamartine, these pages do not appear to us so neglected as he wishes to say, and to make people believe. Exclusive of the more or less contestable justness of the political views, it is certain that if the richness of the style, the elevation of thought, the freshness of the images, and, above all, the rapid and varied succession of the most moving scenes,—

* That the East, man's birth-place, the birth-place and scene of action of Moses, Christ, and Mahomet, the mother of the arts and sciences, the paradise of the globe, and the country in which, from its extent, and the happy geniality of its climate, man retains the state he lived and moved in ages ago, should be the day dream of men of genius and fancy, seems nothing very extraordinary.—Ta.

if all these constitute a beautiful work,—why, then, the “Travels in the East” is a book which will not die.

Religion, history, philosophy, politics, and drama, all these are in this book. Let us try to analyse it rapidly. First, behold a man happy in glory, wealth, and heart, in the holy affections of the domestic hearth, in the sympathy and admiration of the crowd, who bids adieu to all he loves, takes his wife and child by the hand, equips a vessel, and confides to the waves *those two parts of his heart*; all that, too, because, when a child, he read the Bible on his mother’s knees; and because a voice unceasingly cries to him, “Go weep on the mount where Christ wept; go sleep under the palm tree where Jacob slept;” and, then when the anchor is weighed, when the wind fills the sails, how anxiously we follow the bark which bears a noble wife, a graceful child, and the poetic fortunes of France. With what pleasure we read all the details of his interior arrangements! How, we love the cares of the husband and father; that crew of sixteen men, who belong, body and soul, to the poet; that library of five hundred volumes; that tent, put up at the foot of the mainmast; that arsenal of guns, pistols and sabres, and those four cannons loaded with grape! “I have to defend

two lives, dearer than my own," says M. de Lamartine, with a mixture of solicitude and pride. In the passage from Marseilles to Bairout, the traveller writes his book, day by day, in the retirement of his cabin, or, at evening, on deck, to the rolling of the vessel. It is a varied, confused, yet attractive mosaic of moral reflections, of reviews of the past, of chat on the present, of thoughts on the future; the whole intermingled with landscapes, whose colouring might make Claude Lorraine jealous. The poet is only passing by, the ship is flying on, the banks retreating; and yet the vallies, the hills, the monuments, the men, sea and sky, all are seized on the wing, and sketched with an inexpressible charm. The interest goes on augmenting: the many episodes of maritime and oriental life accumulate: nothing is wanting to the drama, not even the catastrophe. For each time that the name or the image of Julia is met under M. De Lamartine's pen, we feel almost a shudder at heart, we tremble at that passionate accent of a father, who covers his lovely child with his eyes, and is pleased to paint her,—

“Standing out from the midst of all those male and severe figures, her loose hair floating over her white dress, her lovely rosy face, happy and gay, covered with a sailor's straw hat, tied

under her chin, playing with the captain's white cat, or with a brood of sea gulls, taken the over-night, and lying under a gun carriage, while she crumbles up her luncheon bread for them."

Alas! behold already the coast of Asia, Mount Lebanon, Bairout, that fatal town, the town that will see Julia die! The traveller disembarks, buys five houses for his wife and daughter, leaves them to enjoy all the magnificence of oriental life, and starts for Jerusalem, with an escort of twenty cavaliers, mounted on twenty horses of his own. The sheiks of the tribes come to meet him; all the towns open their gates; and the governors answer for his safety with their heads: so Ibrahim Pacha has willed it. Lady Stanhope, that Semiramis in miniature, half mad, half sublime, predicted marvellous destinies for him, and the Arabs, delighted with the handsome and imposing aspect, the tall, upright figure and glittering arms of that man who passes the desert with his twenty horses at the gallop, bow the head before the Emir-frangi.—Now the Emir is nothing more than a poor poet, who, just before, had been begging of a parcel of oil-merchants and beet-root sugar makers to be so good as open the door of the Chamber to him.

We should never finish, were we to dwell on those fine pages, every one of which is a picture.

Is there a more graceful, more picturesque, and novel scene in the world than this, for instance? M. de Lamartine is seated on the balmy acclivities of Carmel, in the midst of the finest vegetation in the world, at his side Leila.—

“That beautiful Arabian girl with bare bosom, long hair of deep blond, plaited all over her head in a thousand tresses, which fall down her bare shoulders, amid a confused mass of flowers, gold sequins, and pearls, strung at random over that young head.”

Of a sudden, behold, advancing on a swift steed one of the most celebrated poets of Araby; he has heard that a brother from the West is passing by, and has come to joust with him: our poet accepts the challenge. The child of Asia and the child of Europe join in rivalry, as to who shall find the most harmonious strains to celebrate the beauty of Leila. The mean and dissonant language of our France enters the lists with the flexible and harmonious dialect that Job and Antar spoke; and yet, thanks to M. de Lamartine, France was not conquered.

Among such enchantments, the poet takes us in his suite through Greece, Syria, Judæa, Turkey, and Servia: the eye is almost dazzled with these fairy countries, with all those scenes of war, of

peace, of sadness, of joy, repose, and love, which it sees pass before it in their turn. The "Itinerary," of M. de Chateaubriand is at once the book of a poet, an historian, and a philosopher, who goes about handling the ruins of centuries, and inquiring of their dust the secret of the times which are no more. That which stands out in highest relief in M. de Lamartine's book, in spite of M. de Lamartine, is the poet: his work is before all the work of a religious and impassioned artist; exploring the beautiful, under all its forms, asking of life all its sensations, of nature all its splendour, of art all its enhancement.

Soon the traveller had to think of his return: the Dunkirkers had sent him a legislative mandate across the seas: he prepared to start, sad, and with a broken heart; for that vessel which has brought his darling Julia, running along her decks, laughing and joyous, was going to repass the ocean, bearing the poor child, cold, and lying in the coffin. To spare himself and the mother of his daughter, the pain of so painful a contrast, M. de Lamartine returned to France in another ship.

The 4th of January, 1834, he appeared for the first time in the tribune, in the discussion on the address. "What will he be?" was the exclamation: "legitimist or radical, centre *droit* or centre *gauche*,

tiers parti or *juste milieu*?" He was none of them; he preferred to be M. de Lamartine. Refusing all political classification, he spoke of justice, morality, toleration, humanity, with that special language lent by God to poets: the lawyers in the Chamber thought him rather vague; the specials set him down as diffuse; yet, somehow, everybody listened to him with that emotion which noble and harmonious words always call up, when they emanate from the heart of a man of worth.

Since his entrance into the Chamber, M. de Lamartine has not abandoned the worship of his first, his earliest years. He has endeavoured to make the inspirations of the poet and the duties of the deputy march in the van. In 1835 he published the poem of "*Jocelyn*," magnificent painting of passion sacrificed to duty. For the first time he has called to his aid dramatic resources and modern history; brilliant auxiliaries, which he has known how to make use of happily. The critics have reproached him with incorrectness of style, and negligence in the construction of his work; but the public has found their poet again entire, in the fine pages, where the wild and rugged nature of the mountains of Dauphiny is reflected. After "*Jocelyn*," M. de Lamartine gave us "*La Chute d'un Ange*," (the fall of an angel) the second

episode of that vast epopee, inspired by the east. This poem, notwithstanding its numerous beauties, was coldly received : the reader lost himself in the midst of that poetry, sometimes gigantic, even to bombast, across a chaos of scenes heightened to the horrible ; and he was driven to regret that limpid and melodious verse, that pure and transparent thought of the "Meditations," and the "Harmonies." The "*Recueils Poétiques*," (Poetical Gatherings) recently appeared, has experienced the same fate : an admirable epistle to a Dutch poet, upon the death of his daughter, is detached from the poetry which surrounds it, similar to the beautiful and graceful figure of Julia, in the midst of the tanned faces of the Provençal seamen.

Everybody has read the witty preface, inserted under the form of a letter, at the head of the "*Recueils Poétiques* ;" there M. de Lamar-tine, treating that poetry, which made his glory and our happiness, rather cavalierly, asserts that it was never more than the pastime of his idle hours ; that, in principle, he considers it the very humble vassal of politics ; and that he pities those who wish to immure him in his poetical inaction, because social labour is the daily and obligatory toil of every man who participates in the dangers and benefits of society. Thus regulated, the thought

of M. de Lamartine has raised, in the literary world, a grave question on the poet's mission in modern society. The consideration of such topics would involve us too far, and would, besides, exceed our prescribed limits: we shall content ourselves with merely giving the opinion of another great poet, diametrically opposed to that of M. de Lamartine.

Göethe was one day apprised, that Uhland, the Béranger of Germany, had been elected member of the Chamber of Wurtemberg. "Let him beware of it," exclaimed the patriarch of German poetry; "that existence of daily agitation and sharp-shooting is no good to the tender and delicate nature of a poet. It is all over with his song; and that is a pity! for Suabia has plenty of men, profoundly educated, distinguished and eloquent, to turn into members of the chamber, but she has only one Uhland." Many have said, with Göethe, to M. de Lamartine, "France does not want for political men, but she has only one poet like you."

At the same time that M. de Lamartine was thus encountering, in the literary world, unusual rebuffs, he was becoming greater at the tribune; the Eastern question gave him the opportunity of developing his ideas, on the basis of a new European system. A warm and eloquent sally against

the punishment of death; generous words, in favour of foundling children; a fine impromptu, in which he contended for classical studies, against a sturdy opponent, M. Arago, who fought for science,—placed M. de Lamartine in the rank of a leader: around him a little phalanx of picked men collected, and the aggregation was decorated with the name of the “*social party*.”

What is this social party? or rather, what is M. de Lamartine’s political thought? Placed beyond the times, the places, and the men of the day, the poet’s political system is one difficult to be succinctly and precisely analysed. In M. de Lamartine’s eyes, in the different commotions which have agitated France since ’89, the point is no longer of a mere political and local revolution, but of a social and universal revolution; these partial derangements are but the prelude to a general transformation, and the world seems to him immediately summoned to a complete revolution in ideas, manners, and laws. In this point of view, M. de Lamartine’s doctrine approximates to that of Fourier and St. Simon: he does not repudiate that parentage; far from it,—he proclaims it.

“St Simonism,” says he “has in it something true, grand, and fruitful, the application of Christianity

to political society, and the legislation of human fraternity; in this point of view, I am Saint Simonian. What was defective in that eclipsed sect, was not idea, nor disciples; it was a chief, a master, a regulator.

“The organizers of St. Simonism were deceived in declaring, from the first, war to the death, against family, property, religion. The world is not conquered by force of speech; it is converted, agitated; we labour at it, and change it: so long as an idea is not *practical*, it is not *presentable* to the social world.”

It remains to be seen now what the *practical* system is that M. de Lamartine *presents* to the social world. Behold it.—

“You see that everything dies, that there is no longer faith nor belief: there is a faith; that faith is general reason; speech is its organ, the press its apostle; it wishes to reconstruct in its image, religious civilizations, societies, and legislations. It wishes in religion, God one and perfect, for dogma, eternal morality for symbol, adoration and charity as the worship;—in policy, mankind above nationalities;—in legislation, man equal to man, man the brother of man, *Christianity legislated*.”

Such is M. de Lamartine's last word. As we view it, what the poetical publicist wants, th

to say, universal fraternity and a terrestrial paradise, it is probable all the world wishes likewise. The question is to know by what *practicable* means the world can be urged into this path. We are grieved to announce that M. de Lamartine halts there, and leaves us with mouth open, and arms extended towards the social Eden, faintly perceptible in the horizon.*

In all that concerns external politics, the thought of M. de Lamartine is not more practicable, but it is more precise and clear; this is it, reduced to its most simple expression.—

Europe overflows with inactive strength and ability, which demand imperiously a social employment: now, at the very moment when the excess of life is displayed with us, in the East an inverse order is operating; a great vacuum is opened to the overplus of European faculties and populations: the question is to throw into Asia

* M. De Cormenin had probably not read "Polity of Reason" and Lamartine had not established his newspaper. Since then he has sent forth his "France and England," the manual of his political faith. In the eyes of worldlings nothing can be more impracticable than the system of Christianity itself, which at one view presents a remedy for every known political or social evil. The task I have imposed on myself is that of laying M. De Lamartine's views before my countrymen, not of criticizing them; events will form the best critique. That they are not altogether so Utopian as many might conceive, is tolerably evident, ere this, in some points.—Tz.

this surplus of Europe. How is this idea to be realised? * “We must,” says M. de Lamartine, “assemble an European congress; decree, that, instantly after the fall of the Ottoman Empire” (and M. de Lamartine sees that already broken) “every power shall seize on a portion of the East, under the style of a protectorate; shall found, on the coasts, model towns, destined to relieve Europe from her exuberant population; and draw the natives, by the magnetic power of beneficent, equitable and regular organization to them, and insensibly to summon to her the whole of Asia, by way of *conversion*.” He adds—

“In twenty years, the measure I propose will have created prosperous nations, and millions of men, marching under the *Ægis* of Europe, to a new civilization,” &c.

Now then, remark! this theory, presented here in a skeleton state, is adorned with so attracting a magic of style, that the mind suffers itself to be

* This idea is discernible in his reveries as to the East, amounting to an eastern, instead of a western emigration, sending man to the locality of inspiration and moral elevation, instead of the region of creature comforts and mammon worship. But I find no trace of it in his more mature political theories. Mr. D’Israeli, another Oriental theorist, thinks, too, that the resuscitation of mankind’s purity and singleness of heart must proceed again, as it has twice proceeded,—from the East.—Ts.

drawn towards that angelic vision of a poet's candid soul. We almost forget, that to realize a system which thus unfolds itself in twenty pages, nothing less would suffice, than to change, with the wave of a wand, men and minds, move empires, bring continents nearer; and join, by the ties of a mutual and durable sympathy, races fashioned ages since to mortal enmities.* Now M. de Lamartine accomplishes all these things in twenty years, and with the stroke of a pen.

Three or four centuries more, and perhaps this daring Utopia will have sunk into a commonplace idea. So goes the world! While the masses are straining painfully to enlarge the rut dug by past generations; bequeathing, meanwhile, to generations unborn, the continuance of their work, the poet, intrepid, indefatigable pioneer, rises on an eminence, outstrips time, and cries to the crowd, "Come unto me!" "We have not

* That same doctrine of *mortal enmities* has led to more bloodshed than civilization and Christianity will ever wash out. What is there in the inner life, or nature of nations, that should *fashion them* to mortal enmities? Is it not the folly or the vice of rulers? Is it then so idle, to attempt the regeneration of man's political and social nature, and to elevate his being? Such is always the cry of your practical men, who, without proposing a remedy for existing evils, or only proposing to neutralize one selfishness by another, ever find a sneer for those efforts which take their origin from the highest belief in man's high nature.—T_a.

your wings!" replies the crowd. The poet, uncomprehended, resumes his flight; and the crowd, who understand him not, resume their labour.

As a final analysis, there is, in the exceptional position of M. de Lamartine, in the centre of parties and of ambitions, who divide the chamber and the country, a character of dignity and grandeur which sits well on the poet; and as his speech is vague, undecided, and uneasy, in the petty and ephemeral questions that each session sees born and die; so does it become grander, more powerful, and unfolds itself harmonious, coloured, imposing, when the point is the demand of the rights of intelligence, or the defence of the eternal principles of honour, morality, and charity, on which all human societies repose.

Most people still recollect the stormy day on which the Molé Ministry had to resist, almost single-handed, the conjoint efforts of the most puissant orators in the Chamber. The ministry succumbed: M. de Lamartine thought he detected, in the energy of the attack, a spirit of systematic hostility, of envy or rancour; his poet's heart was indignant; he descended into the arena, renewed the fight, and an appeal to the country was required to decide victory.

The influence M. de Lamartine sometimes exercises, in the debates of the Chamber, he owes less to eminent oratorical powers than to the morality of his life, to the elevated instincts of his nature ; and, above all, to the calm, disinterested, independent, and noble attitude he has always known how to preserve, since his entrance on his political career.

The man that sang "Elvira" has, in the *tout ensemble* of his person, a something that reminds one of Byron. There is the same beauty of countenance and look, the same habits of elegance and dandyism, the same carriage ; rather stiff and English, perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished. If you join to that, to complete the resemblance, his lordly establishment, a splendid town house, horses of pure breed, a magnificent country mansion, you will conclude, that, since Tasso and Camoens, times are a little changed ; and that it is permissible, in our day, to be a great poet, without the absolute necessity of dying in an hospital.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE physical portrait that concludes this notice, at first sketched at a distance from the model, strikes me now as rather vague, insufficient, and not over correct: I will rectify it. I spoke of "a child with large *blue* eyes who should be Lamartine." There are folks, and I am one of them, who have a mania for absolutely requiring that every poet who dreams never so little should have *blue* eyes;—in point of fact, M. de Lamartine's are *black*. One of our muses, who has examined them pretty closely with her own, which are blue, and very fine ones too, having pointed out this vital error, I confirmed her statement, and I now hasten to turn the blue into black. As for the rest of the description, here it is, as a passport clerk understanding his trade tolerably might have given it. Size (I am rather a bad hand at figures), but somewhere about five feet five inches, thin, face very thin, and of a long oval; broad, high forehead, good quantity of hair, raised from the

front and turning grey, prominent eyebrows, black eyes, rather deep sunk, handsome expression, long thin nose, a little aquiline, large mouth, thin lips, marked with a decided smile, rather a long chin, and complexion slightly tinted.

There is beauty in the expression of this physiognomy, but there is more of nobleness than wildness, little tenderness, and in the entire of those lines which intersect at acute angles something rather dry. M. de Lamartine, when seen closely, resembles the deputy of the Saône et Loire more than the author of the "Meditations." The word, *dandyism*, I have before used, is not correct. The style of the poet is more neat than elegant: he wears satin neckerchief, clothes of a cut a little out of fashion, and his square-toed boots date from the restoration. M. de Chateaubriand keeps himself more up to the mark: I saw him the other day with a black coat, *à la française*, that might have been cut out by Humann.

Let us now come to another style of *corrigenda*. I speak of the "calm, disinterested, independent, and noble attitude M. de Lamartine has always been able to preserve from his entrance in a political career." I see nothing to change in the three last epithets; but it seems to me that the former is already beginning to be an anachronism.

M. de Lamartine has descended from the heights where he was soaring above the combatants, to swoop down into the *mêlée*. The *social party* exists no longer: this little picked troop has extended into a more considerable army, and M. de Lamartine has decidedly taken a position in the purely *conservative* party, of which he is the most impetuous, the most eloquent leader, and of which he shares the direction with Count Molé. The first moment of this definite enrolment of M. de Lamartine under the colours of the 213, was his attacking the coalition: the *events of the East* plunged him into the strife sooner. Unable to make the most audacious of his personal politics, that of the partition, prevail over that question, he declared for the Anglo-Turco-Russian, the so-called integrity, which at bottom resembled his in its object, reserving the interests of France, for which little disquiet is felt either at St. Petersburg or London. The accession of the ministry of the 1st of March, then directed by the whole Chamber to declare itself protector of Egypt, was regarded with prejudice by M. de Lamartine: and when, after the treaty of the 15th of July, it became the duty of France to know whether she had spoken in vain or not, the deputy of Saône et Loire fulminated against the cabinet of the 1st of March a

fiery requisition, in which he accused them of compromising the safety of France. In that he had the advantage over several of his colleagues who imitated him, of not being, like them, obliged to burn what they had worshipped.

The actions of Lord Palmerston, and the hesitations of M. Thiers justified Lamartine more and more: his alarms were only a little exaggerated. He had come to believe, on the eve of the 10th of August, that constitutional monarchy was in danger of death;—it became necessary at once to impeach M. Thiers. At length the cabinet of the 1st of March fell, leaving to their successors a grand defensive measure that M. de Lamartine has attacked with extreme violence, mingling in it his favourite idea of impeachment. As I share neither in the fears nor resentments of M. de Lamartine, his discourses on the fortifications seem to me more eloquent than logical. “Jocelyn” pleases me more, which by no means prevents me from admitting the firmness and courage in the new attitude taken by M. de Lamartine. I always have had a weakness for men who do not fear to brave unpopularity; and that kind of courage seduces me so much the more in him, because among poets it is the rarest.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

1844.

MAKE portraits in times when the models change countenance at each sitting! With M. de Lamartine, the task becomes Penelope's web. I begin by depicting him socialist, and then here he is conservative; I paint him conservative, and then behold him back again to socialism, but in a new guise, with something more practical in his intentions, and more aggressive in his forms. I was praising him for braving unpopularity, and here I am obliged to praise him for running after it. Yesterday he was of the party of *posts*, to-day he is in the party of the *windmills*. What will he be to-morrow? We shall know all that in the next edition. Decidedly, M. de Lamartine's biography is not possible till after his death.

ODE
TO
THE PEOPLE.

Delicta Majorum immeritus lues.—HORAT. Od. vi. Lib. 3.



ODE TO THE PEOPLE.



PEOPLE! 't is God's commandment,
Thy children shall atone,
In hereditary sorrow,
For deeds thy sires have done.
Rueful shall be their burden,
Till to favoured hand is given
To raise the holy edifice
Which lifteth Earth to Heaven ;
Till zeal and prayer shall scatter,
In their august abodes,
The shaming dust which covereth
The image of the gods !

From your ruins, oh ! ye temples
Which Israel wept,—ascend ;
Arise, ye sacred porticos !
At the Shrine, ye Levites, bend !
To the sounding harps of Solyma
Let the victim rise again.
By the stainless hand of righteousness
Let the sacrifice be slain ;
And let its blood, commingling
With the tide of human tears,
Quench the fury of the thunder,
Which is pealing on our ears !

Quoth this people, swoll'n with madness,
With braggart front : “ Shall we
Crouch to a God who humbleth us ?
Our God ourselves will be !
To seek his mighty Spirit
Did Intellect go forth,
Through the highest heights of Heaven,—
In the deepest depths of Earth ;
The Flanks of the wide universe,
The fire-flame of the Sphere,
Gave not to us, that we could see,
His name enscrolled there.”

“ We read the world a lesson,
When the kingly wand we broke ;
And we laugh with scornful hardihood,
At Law’s now shattered yoke. ;
Uprise, unhappy bondsmen !
Your shaming fetters spurn ;
Shake off, ye slaves, your shackles,
And to liberty return !
Man!—from the foremost minute
When breathes thy quickened dust,
Know no behest but Pleasure’s,—
No law, except thy lust ! ”

“ Thy thought hath Space o’ervaulted !
Thy scheming Time outflies ;
The thunders bow beneath thy rule,
Thy chariots sweep the skies ;
Thy Reason, like the fire-brand,
Whose hunger all things ply,
Growing with an incessant growth,
Shall grasp immensity !
And the power which Reason bringeth,
Nor mete, nor bourne shall own ;
Eternity and space shall be
Its boundaries alone ! ”

“ Happy shall be our children,
Happy shall be the age ;
Which learns from lessons we bequeath
Our thoughts, their heritage.
Our flying years are jealous,
They brook no let or stay—
Oh, law, too harsh and niggardly,
Which hasteth us away,
Why fetter down our destiny
To moments fleet and few ?
We would triumph over Nature
If Time were only true ! ”

Lo !—Time hath scarcely trodden
Where your ashes lie beneath :
Come forth, ye Manes of our Sires,
From the dark abode of death :
Look out upon your handiwork,
Come forth, and with us share
Our happiness and glory, ye
Whose progeny they are.
O race, so rich in promises,
I cite ye to come forth ;
Appear to your posterity,
Ye saviours of the earth !

See, see—they shrink from going,
They cower beneath the sword;
To the shelter of the sepulchre
Retreats the shame-struck crowd:—
Nay, stay ye guilty shadows,
Ye fathers of our war;
Too light hath been your penalty,
I charge ye not to go:
Were Heaven not slow to vengeance,
It were your doom to live,
In the days of your forgetting
Your weight of sin to shrieve!

Where are the days of triumph,
When France, the nations' pride,
Like a gigantic star, arose,
Illuming all beside?
Age of all ages, loveliest,
Thy retinue now bright,
Which the pathway of thy glory
Diffused around thy flight,
Like the god of the glad daylight
In the firmament above,
Thy grandeur was the awe of Earth,
Thy lustre was its love!

Ever the days of genius,
Are those to virtue given ;
Ever the deeds of heroes charm
The gods of song from heaven.
From the throne of inspiration,
The sacred lyre they give
To hands of holy chastity
Which have no stain to shrive ;
Some sweet Racine for minstrel,
Some fierce Turenne in war,
Links the glory of old Athens,
To the Roman victor's car !

Alas ! our age is fallen,
Its flowers are sere and pine,
For Euclid's art hath withered
Those which are more divine.
Breathings of soul and genius !
Your animating fires
Calculation's chilly madness
Extinguished in our sires.
They laid their icy fingers
On Nature's fair extent,
And its beauties, 'neath their melting touch,
Shrunk frozen as they went !

And Thou, the earth's High-priestess,
Pindus' and Zion's maid

Hath flown this world of matter,
Of thy last beam disarrayed ;
And thy heaven-sent spirit quitteth
The withered hearts, the lyre
Can melt no more with moving strain ;

No more can wake to fire :
Like a shrine to the eternal
Is the universe beneath,
Which lacks the chaunted melody
And the perfume's scented breath !

Weep, children of your fathers,
And veil your brows for grief :
Bathe in the bitter tide of tears,
Wrongs, which defy relief :—
Like the sons of Heliodorus,—
Till morning follows eve ;
The fragments of the shattered shrine
We will gather while we grieve ;
And beneath those guilt-stained ashes
We will seek with earnest will,
Of genius and of virtue,
The sparks which linger still !

POLITY OF REASON.

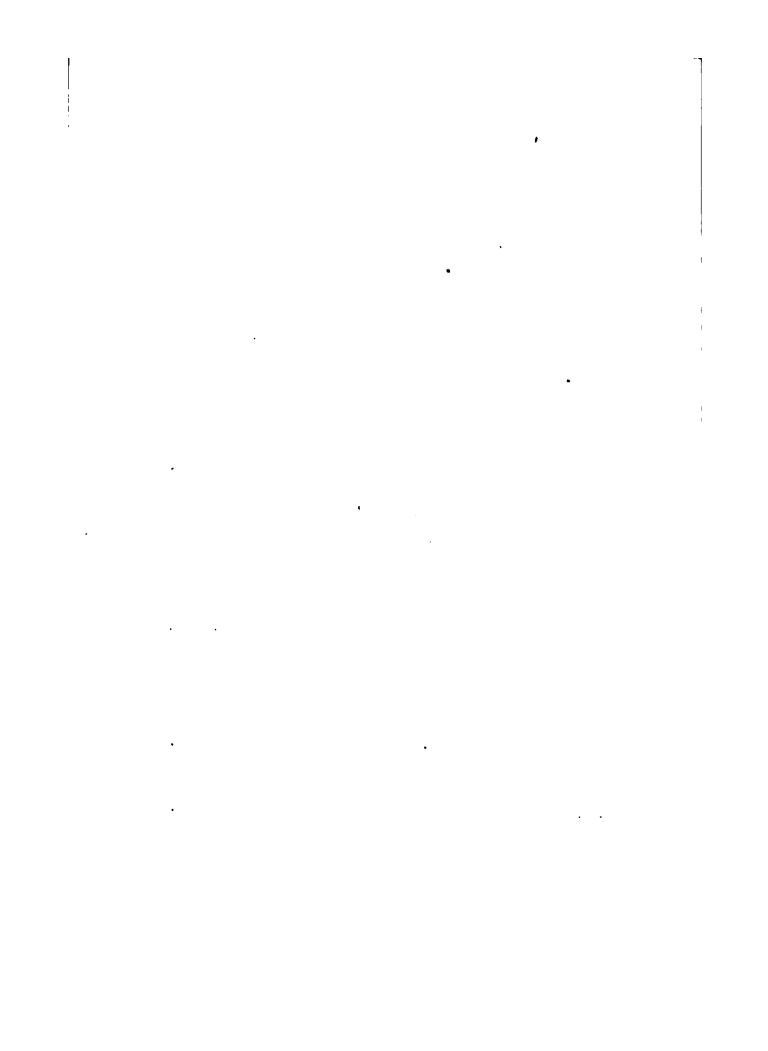
**YOU WHO DID NOT READ M. DE LAMARTINE'S
"POLITY OF REASON," IN 1831, READ IT NOW.**

**YOU WHO, IN 1831, DID READ IT, IN 1848 READ
IT AGAIN.**

THE PUBLISHER.

PUBLISHER'S ORIGINAL NOTICE.

THIS letter, requested from M. de Lamartine, for the first number of the "Révue Européenne," a journal got up by some political friends of the author, was not destined by him for another kind of publication; but his ideas, thrown together hastily on paper, having acquired developments which exceeded the narrow limits of a letter or an article, and the "Révue" of September having appeared too soon for the possibility of its insertion, M. de Lamartine has granted his authority to publish this bit of lofty politics separately, whose importance will be appreciated by men who seek the true and the good, beyond parties, and beyond the ideas and passions of the day. We believe that the principles of this writing are new enough, and elevated enough, to survive the interest of the week and the merit of circumstance.



THE POLITY OF REASON.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE REVUE EUROPÉENNE.

CHAPTER I.

SIR,—Your letter reached me in the depth of my retreat; but there is no longer any retreat to a sympathetic and thinking mind, in the laborious days we have fallen on. Thoughts general, thoughts political, thoughts social, master and oppress every individual thought. Vainly we wish to lay them aside; they are around us, in us, everywhere: the air we breathe brings them to us, the echo of the entire world brings them back to us. In vain we take refuge in the silence of the valleys, in the most unfrequented paths of our woods: in vain, in our beautiful September nights, we contemplate with envious looks that peaceful and starry heaven which attracts us, and the harmonious and enduring order of that celestial army: the remembrance of that mortal world trembling under our feet, the cares of the present, fore-

of the future, draw us to these heights. We return from those dwellings of peace with a spirit charged with trouble : a voice powerful and importunate, a voice that descends from Heaven, as it rises from earth, tells us that this is not a time for repose, for contemplation, for Platonic leisure ; but that if we will not be less than man, we must descend into the arena of human nature, to fight, to suffer, and, if need be, to die with it and for it.

You know I did not decline this combat : I presented myself to France with the conviction of a duty to fulfil, with the devotion of a son : she did not wish for me.* I did not abandon the struggle ; the struggle abandoned me. Almost alone among the men who have not denied or resisted the Restoration, I have, to accomplish this Citizen's and Frenchman's duty, braved the smile of pity from our monarchical Machiavels, the insults and menaces of the party whose politics are nought but hatred, and that styles liberty, derision of its public despotism of place. One man saw in me only a weak spirit, which did not understand neutrality in times of rivalry, or the tact of idleness ; another, only a too eager placeman, who was playing off a skilful trick, to share some shameful plunder with the

* Lamartine alludes to his unsuccessful election, an account of which will be found in his "Memoir."—Tg.

victors : others again, only an absolutist in disguise, coming to spread a net for liberty, to trip it up in its road, and to laugh afterwards with his accomplices, at this great cataclysm of modern civilization, ending in a *coup d' état*, for the profit of some powerless ordonnance. Thus are men judged, while they "live and breathe and have their being" in that atmosphere of corruption and lies, which is called the days of party. I remained alone and silent; but alone with an approving conscience, with a justification in the present, with a future that at least will not accuse me ! But alone with you, with so many young and sincere men, with so many elevated and rational friends, who have made their political thoughts a sanctuary where intrigue and passion may not penetrate; who are seeking social truth in the light of divine truth; who place the morals, the duty, the health and progress of humanity, above their scholastic theories and their family affections; who have in their hearts something beyond their own names; who comprehend humanity in all its epochs, under all its forms, even in all its transformations; spirits marching apart from, but before their generations, like the column of fire before the army of Moses; veritable, thinking majority of this age, who will leave, perchance

merely a luminous trace when all this desert shall have been passed through,—when all the dust shall have fallen again.

In your letter you ask of me two things; personal co-operation in the journal you are establishing, and my opinion on the political principles it should admit and propagate.

As to co-operation, it is with regret that I am obliged to answer, no. I have never written in any journal;—I will never write in a journal for which I am not solely responsible.* Do not perceive in these words a superb disdain of what is termed journalism. Far from it; I have too intimate a knowledge of my epoch, to repeat this absurd nonsense, this impertinent inanity against the periodical press: I know, too well, the work Providence has committed to it. Before this century shall have run out, journalism will be the whole press, the whole human thought. Since that prodigious multiplication art has given to speech, multiplication to be multiplied a thousand-fold yet, † mankind will write their book day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thought will spread abroad in the world with the rapidity of

* He afterwards published a journal of his own, and continued it up to a very recent period.—Tæ.

† Printing, and communicating by electricity, I presume.—Tæ

light: instantly conceived, instantly written, instantly understood, at the extremities of the earth, it will speed from pole to pole. Sudden, instant, burning with the fervour of soul which made it burst forth, it will be the reign of the human word in all its plenitude; it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate into the form of a book: the book will arrive too late. The only book possible from to-day is a newspaper: thus it is not, with me, contempt of this necessary form of publication, of this democracy of speech;—no, it is a religious respect for my political conviction; conviction, strong, absolute, entire, which I could not associate to other's convictions without altering it, frequently without changing its nature, may be. Association, so useful for action, is of no value for speech. Consolidation of thought is what a mind, independent and convinced, accepts least: each thought is a whole, whereto it cannot be added or retracted, without altering its nature. It is moral unity.

As to the high political direction, of which you and your friends have so happily and courageously scaled the ascent, in the Correspondence,—here are the principal moral, historical, and philosophical considerations which would trace it out before me, had I the power and talent to co-operate in your social labours.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN a man wishes to embrace in his views a wider horizon, he mounts an eminence proportioned to the discovery he wishes to make: thence he looks down and beholds. So should a philosopher do; let us mount these intellectual eminences, whence the eye can contemplate the past, command the present, and catch a glimpse of the future. Let us strip ourselves, in thought, of our qualifications; of age, country, epoch; of our prejudices, of our habits, of nation, and party; let us leave at the foot of the mountain those vestments, and those sandals of the day; let us reduce ourselves to the nature of pure intellect, and then look forth! That summit, from which man may contemplate the route, past and future, of humanity, is history: that light which should illumine this double horizon for his eyes, is morality,—that divine day which emanates from God Himself, and which can neither fail nor mislead! So posted, so lighted, the heart righteous, and the eye pure, the philosopher may have the most complex social problem presented to him; he will solve it: he will solve

it with a metaphysical precision, all to some accidents, to some ages of error in the duration of social phases, of which Providence reserves to itself the secret. Sublime prophet of reason, he will indite the history of the future! That problem, events have placed before us; every heart sounds it in secret, every understanding scrutinizes it, every mouth repeats—*Where are we? whither go we? and what to do?*

CHAPTER III.

Where are we? Not quite at the end of time, not quite at the supreme cataclysm of human societies; not even at one of those disgraceful epochs, without hope, without issue, where humanity crouches in a long and vile corruption, and is rotting in its own filth. No: history and the Gospel in hand, seeing the little way man has made, and the immense route opened by human reason and the Divine WORD to his perfection here below, we feel that mankind scarce touch their age of reason: on another side, placing our hand on the heart of social man, feeling that indefinable hope beat within;—that virile ardour and boldness, that pith of force and desire, which decays less than ever in our epoch;—listening to his hardy words, his venturesome promise, alarmed even at the superabundance of energy, which makes him revolt at all rein, which dashes him against every obstacle,—we feel that the vital principle in human nature is far from being weakened. Man is young; his social form is old, and is falling into ruins: immortal chrysalis, he is laboriously issuing from

his primitive covering, to assume the manly gown, the form of his maturity. Behold the truth ! We are at one of the strongest epochs the human race has to cross, to advance towards the end of their divine destiny,—at an epoch of renovation and social transformation, similar perhaps to the Gospel era. Shall we get over it without perishing ? without some generations being buried under the rubbish of a pass, which breaks down ? without an age or two being lost in an atrocious and sterile contest ? That's the question : before the 27th of July 1830, it was solved : the bridge was thrown across the abyss, which separates the past from the future. The Restoration had received from on high the loveliest and holiest mission that Providence could assign to a royal race ; the mission Moses received,—to conduct France, that vanguard of modern civilization out of the land of Egypt, out of the land of despotism, of privilege, and of bondage. The race did not comprehend it thoroughly ; the suicide of July, so harmful to the present, was the murder of the future. The race of St. Louis, like the prophet of Sinai, perished for their doubts, before touching the Land of Promise ; but we, generation innocent of this fault, shall we see it, ere we die ?

-

CHAPTER IV.

Whither go we? The answer is all entire in the actual fact. We are going to one of the sublimest halting-places of humanity, to a progressive and complete organisation of social order, on the principle of liberty of action and equality of rights. For the children of our children we see a vista of a series of centuries,—free, religious, moral, rational—an age of truth, of reason, of virtue, in the middle of ages ; or else—fatal alternative !—we go to precipitate France and Europe into one of those gulfs which often separates two epochs, as an abyss separates two continents ; and we die, bequeathing to our sons a social order undone, new principles, doubtful, contested, blood-stained ; power impossible, liberty impracticable, religion persecuted or degraded ; a retrograde legislation, a universal European war, as fruitless as endless ; the legalization of the scaffold, the civilization of the bivouac, the morality of the battle-field, the liberty of Satraps, the equality of brigands ; and, in the midst of all, an idea smothered in blood,

mutilated by the sabre, taking root in a few generous breasts, here and there, like Christianity in the catacombs,* exposed a hundred times to the hazard of events and catastrophes, and reflowering upon earth, after the lapse of two centuries of sterility, servitude, crimes, and ruins ! They are making an election, at the moment I am writing to you !†

* Of Rome, the refuge of the Christians against the persecutions of the Emperors.

† I need scarcely refer to the reader's particular attention, a careful perusal of this *résumé* of the actual position of affairs, which, by an extraordinary coincidence and identity of events, may pass as well for 1848 as for 1833.—Ta.

perpetual movement of the centuries, in the stormy instability of facts, of minds, and of doctrines, something fixed and solid, which will tremble no more under your hands.

CHAPTER VI.

FOUR grand epochs govern the social condition of the generations that have passed away, similar to those creative epochs the naturalist believes he recognizes in the secular developments of the globe. The Theocratic age which commences with the world, issuing from the hands of the Creator, and which terminates at the heroic period; the Tyrannical age, or reign of brute force, more or less altered by commencing legislation, rising with the historic period, and falling before Christ, with its polygamy and slavery; the Monarchical age, mixed or tempered with oligarchy, aristocracy, feudality, sacerdotal power, opening at Constantine, and ceasing with the tomb of Louis XIV., or on the rock of St. Helena, whose captive Titan had so gloriously, but so vainly, resuscitated it. *We are on the verge of the epoch of right and action for all*; an epoch always ascending, the justest, most moral, most free of all those which have hitherto pervaded the world; because it tends

to elevate entire mankind to the same moral dignity, to consecrate the civil and political equality of all men before the State, as Christ has consecrated their natural equality before God. This epoch may be styled the Gospel epoch ; for it will only be the logical deduction, the social realization, of the social principle laid down in the divine Book, as in the very nature of humanity,—*the moral equality and dignity of man*, at last recognised in the code of civil society.

Each of these epochs had its proper form, its work, its vital force and its duration, before begetting another. At first, it is God, all alone, revealing himself by nature, and speaking, by conscience, the holiest of oracles, had not the interpreter been man ; then the hero, or strong man, winning obedience through gratitude or fear ; then the tyrant, or the senate, many-headed tyrant, aristocracy, or priestly rule, imposing, with the aid of some, its will on all ; then the King and his peers ; then the King and his people, represented before him by election, and not by a right of fact and birth, and constituting him merely the organ and agent of the universal will : that form approximates more closely to a rational republic, than the fictitious republic of the ancients ; it is the present

epoch, a real republic ; we only dispute as to the name.*

The work of this great epoch, a work long, laborious, and contested, is to apply human reason, or the divine Word, or evangelical truth, to the political organization of modern societies, as the Gospel truth was, from the beginning, applied to civil legislation and to manners. Mark it well ! Politics were thus far out of the pale of God's law. The policy of the Christian people is still pagan ! Man, or humanity, is, in its eyes, only a veritable ancient slave, born to serve, pay, fight, and die. Horrible falsehood, which sullies, unknown to them, so many Christian hearts, so many pious mouths ! The social man ought to be, henceforth, to the

* A popular error exists in the estimation of the term "Republic;" that, in truth, being only a form of Government, in which the people at large, not sections of the people, have a voice. Were universal suffrage introduced into the British Constitution, it would be as near a pure theoretical republic as possible, all classes having then their due weight in the appointment of the executive. The powers of the Crown are reduced to a mere presidency, a right of *veto* ; the ministers being the agents, and accountable to the nation. In most of the republics the world has hitherto seen, it has been an audacious usurpation of the title. The general impression, owing to the *escapades* of republican partisans, is, that a Republic is a divestment of property, denial of social rights to the respectable members of the community ; in short, mob law and anarchy. This is, however, the abuse, not the essence of republicanism.—Tho.

eyes of the philosopher, in the eyes of the legislator, what the isolated man is in the eyes of the true Christian,—a child of God, having the same titles, and rights, the same duties, the same destiny, before the State, his earthly father, as before God, his Heavenly Father. It is the form we seek, in the right and action of all; the form which the moderns have called democracy, by incorrect analogy with that to which the ancients gave the same name, and which was only the tyranny of the multitude. That name, democracy, sullied and recently ensanguined amongst us, in the Saturnalia of the French Revolution, is still repugnant to thought; although the philosopher washes words before using them, and purifies expression by idea, we shall name this form of government, by preference, *the rational form*, or *the right of all*. Now *the rational form*, or *the right of all*, cannot be anything else than liberty, where each is judge and guardian of his own right. Then the modern epoch can only be the epoch of liberty; its mission is to organise the right and action of all, otherwise liberty, in a vital and durable manner.

All organisation is slow and painful; it is the work of more than a day, of more than an age, perhaps. Man is man; he is disgusted, disheart-

ened ; he hurries to deny that which he cannot attain ; his reactions against his own thought are prompt and terrible ; they hurl him back a hundred times to his starting-point,—as the vessel which returns to dash itself against the shore, driven back by the same wave which ought to carry it to another coast. These reactions may be protracted. Look at Bonaparte !—sublime reaction against anarchy ! He only lasted fifteen years, and might have lasted fifty ! The periods of the social work cannot be calculated within a few centuries ; they are known to God alone. Whilst they are being accomplished, the individual man passes away,—suffers, hopes, complains, and dies ; but each individual life has its work complete and independent of the social work ; one day, one virtue, suffice to it. The social man, or humanity, survives, and advances itself towards a destiny higher and more unknown !

Already, perhaps, it is given us to have an insight into the epoch which will succeed to ours ; after the five or six centuries during which the age of liberty shall last, we shall pass to the age of virtue and pure religion, to the fulfilled promises of the Divine Legislator, to the epoch of charity, a thousand times superior to the epoch of liberty ; just as much as charity, love of others—divine

sentiment, emanating from God—is above liberty, self-love, human sentiment, emanating from man.

These principles laid down and admitted; their application to the actual crisis, the political deductions for our social theory as for our private rule or for our public action, are clear and incontestible; we know where we are, we know whither we go, we know by what route we are to attain to the goal, near or distant, which Providence, manifested by its deeds, incessantly places before us. These applications to the actual time, present themselves in the innumerable questions which a revolution raises, just as the wind raises the old dust of the desert when a stone falls from the pyramid of ages.

Revolution, dynasty, legitimacy, divine right, popular right, sovereignty *de facto* or *de jure*; power, liberty, form and aim of government; questions of worship or education, of peace or war; existence and inheritance of an aristocratic power, or the peerage; legislation, suffrage, extension or restriction of the powers of the communes, the municipalities, and the provinces,—everything is classed, is enlightened, is judged; political conscience has no more doubt, the present no more ambiguity, and the future no more mystery; all

is resolved into these words—*the most general good of humanity as object, moral reason as guide, conscience as judge.* By the aid of this grand jury, the human mind may cite the age before it, and fearlessly pronounce its infallible verdict.

CHAPTER VII.

APPLICATIONS.

CIRCUMSTANCES are propitious for the rigorous application of this political philosophy to the events which are unrolling before us. The earth has trembled : a sudden, unexpected, irresistible shock, has unsettled all interests, all passions, all affections, all systems. All is *débris*, all is chaos, before us ; hearts, like consciences, are free ; the ground is levelled as if for a grand social reconstruction prepared by the Divine Architect. An ancient power, which some venerated through conviction or memory, others hated from impatience or prejudice, has been overwhelmed, and, so to say, through its own fatal will ; no one amongst us is guilty of it ; friends or enemies have seen it fall with an equal astonishment. I am not here speaking of that crowd who have plaudits for all who soar, yells for all who fall ; this power perished in the tempest which it had itself so blindly aroused.

Royalists ourselves in heart or mind, men of logic or fidelity, we can but weep in silence over these dispersed ruins, venerate and lament the august victims of an irremediable error, remove insult from the white hairs of the aged, call respect and pity around the tombs of the martyrs, of the pious asylum of woman, and not proscribe pardon and hope for the heads of innocent children; but, abandoned to ourselves by a fact stronger than us, we belong entirely to it; our reason has no more ties, our private affection no longer struggles in us against our social logic. Let us learn, then, in deploring all there is to deplore in that chain of ages, whose last link is broken, in spite of ourselves, in our own hands, to profit like men by that liberty which the catastrophe has made for us! Let us not be led by the feeling which has no place in the actual fact, but let us reason and act; let us not be men of one opinion, of one party, of one family, but men of the present and the future! When our sons, to whom we shall have bequeathed our work and our memory, shall judge us from afar with the impartiality and rigour of distance, when all personal feelings shall be dead and cold before them, when they shall sound the social order we have prepared for them, they will not receive for excuse our prejudices of birth, our predilections

of blood, our family customs, our delicacy of mind, our fitness of position, our vain regrets, our weak dislikes; they will ask of us if we have acted as men, intelligent men, prescient and free, or if we have lost, in vain recriminations and in powerless sorrows, the epoch which was given to us to regenerate social order, and ascertain the depths of political truth.

Upon these foundations, then, we shall establish thus, and in a few words, the political symbol of a rational epoch whereon we are entering. I confine myself to laying it before you; it is for you to contrast it in each question of detail with the three principles which ought to govern and enlighten it. The limits of this letter do not permit me, upon any of these articles, either development, discussion, or commentary: each would be a book; it needs but a word. I shall take them up again, perhaps, at a later period.*

* See "France and England," for the fuller development hinted at.—Tha.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE attempt of the *coup d'état* of July was senseless and guilty. There was error in the intention, and violation of sworn faith in the act;* consequently, neither reason nor morality in the deed; impartial conscience judges it as the event has judged it; a *coup d'état* is only moral and just when it is necessary, and whensoever it is necessary it is successful: it is the first axiom of high politics.

The dynasty was thoroughly compromised in the chastisement inflicted by the deed: the political

* We only speak here of the fact as judged by public reason and conscience; as it is evident that the nation had understood the oath to the charter in a real and absolute manner, the ordonnances of July were in their eyes a manifest violation of the sworn faith; but the 14th Article, which leaves no ambiguity before public reason, might have some in the royal conscience, which doubtless interpreted it in favour of his prerogative. In this way perjury would not have stained the lips of the King, albeit its appearance legitimately instigated the indignation of a people. The charter with the 14th Article, understood as it was by the ordonnances of July, would have been nonsense; but the terms of Art. 14 are an ambiguity which might result in an error of fact, a perjury on good faith. Here the political conscience reproves; private conscience may excuse or be silent.

punishment struck beyond the fault. The fire of popular indignation consumed the dry and the green wood : resistance, in its perfect right for two days, exceeded it on the third : on that the violation of another right commences—the dynastic right.* Its maintenance alone would have been moral. Was it possible, in the very excitement of action, in the fire of the fray ? History alone knows and will say. We are quite ignorant of it. Whatever the judgment delivered by a revolution in the heat of conflict, in the partiality of victory, there are always two voices to protest more loudly against it,—one in heaven, conscience ; one on earth,—history : but it must be confessed here, with a mournful sincerity, since two rights were alike violated and reversed in a private or social struggle, conscience, like history, attaches the strongest culpability to the aggressor, and finds, in the first violation, if not the excuse, at least the cause of the second.

If, in the appreciation of these two faults, we are led to balance the popular right against the

* In allusion to Charles X., and the events of the three days of July. The facts of the two Revolutions were slightly different ; but the principles are the same, and the deductions equally applicable to either ; the succeeding and justificatory observations, were any needed, on the people's rights, are constitutional arguments, for all time.—The American.

dynastic right, we find that they are only one and the same right, the people's right of safety, the right of social necessity. The one is primordially and eternally derived from the other. If the people violate it; if, without an invincible necessity, they destroy it, they are striking themselves, violating themselves, and by themselves are punished for their own crime; but, the event once accomplished, is society to perish irremediably, under the ruins of its dynasties? Are generations to transmit, like a bloody heritage, the vengeance of this right, the redress of that wrong? Are men of reason, light, and conscience, to abstain, in the absence of this right, from their most imprescriptible law, from their duties as citizens, as children of the nation, of the age, of humanity; and to retire, for ever, "to their tents," because one national chief is substituted for another? No: that would be the commencement, in them, of an offence, graver than that against which their inertness would pretend to protest and be severe. Their bootless fidelity to a man, to a recollection, to a name, to a duty, that the fact would have rendered fictitious, would become infidelity, more real and more culpable to themselves, to the country, the people, to all mankind: for the purpose of honouring the past, they would betray the present and the future

The generations would demand from them an account of their force, voluntarily abandoned by them, in the eternal social struggle, in the progressive march of ideas and of things. Whoever does not fight in that contest, whoever does not advance in that path, is accountable for, and an accomplice in, the evil which is triumphant, or the society which stands still; and, besides, if every one had the independent right of the country to acknowledge in the dynasties which spread over history, the one which appears to him to have the primordial right to his obedience, the exclusive title to his affection,—what would become of the social world? We should acknowledge as many sovereigns as there are names in our calendar. One would serve Clovis, another believe in Pepin; the absurdity of the consequences proves the absurdity of the dogma. Common sense, like morality, like the invincible necessity of national existence, leads us, then, to conclude, that legitimacy, the best of social conventions, is, however, nothing but a social convention, a salutary fiction of right; that it only has the right, so long as it has the fact, or that it is striving to recover it; that dynasties which possess the present do not possess the future; that the royal races rise and descend in eternal rotation of human destinies.

like other races ; that the power, expression, and property, of the entire society is not alienated for ever, is not infeudated to an immortal family, is not interminably transmitted, as a fief of humanity ; that everything may perish, that everything may change,—men, races, dominions, names, and forms, even of governments and empires ; but one single thing does not perish, does not change, is not prescribed,—the duty for each man, for each citizen, not to separate himself from his country, not to nullify himself in the nation, not to protest alone against a social necessity, admitted by the fact ; for a social fact has also its logic and its consequences, independent of its right ; but to serve the country, the nation, humanity, in all the phases, in all the conditions of his movable and progressive existence. The most simple morality here becomes policy. A single case is excepted, that in which divine law, or the conscience, may be in opposition with human law ; this is the case which makes heroes or martyrs, men greater than citizens.

For us, then, constitutional royalists, men at once of fidelity, and of liberty, of morality and progress, two duties are clearly written before our eyes ; the one, a duty of conscience,—to serve the country, to march with the nation, to think

to speak, to write, act and fight with her; the other, a duty of honour, which a special position, an exceptional delicacy, may impose on some few of us,—to hold aloof from the immediate action, and the favours of government; not to solicit its good graces, not to deck ourselves with its gifts, not to court its confidence, not to adore victory, not to glide with fortune from one palace to another, not to repudiate our first worship, the affections of our cradles; not to carry to the feet of a new race, consecrated, albeit, in our eyes, by necessity, hearts still warm with our devotion of yesterday, to a race which exile shelters, and which misfortune consecrates in that prophetic palace of the vicissitudes of the throne, and of the returns of adversity. Even mourning sits well on grief without hope.

Although morality does not reprove a contrary conduct, when a political necessity instigates it, this conduct, after a devotion of fifteen years, after benefits received, perhaps, would make even virtue suspected. The past has its rights; honour and gratitude may have their scruples. To this rule there is but one single exception, which confirms it by its rarity, even by its improbability; it is the case where the prince will require of us, in the name of the country, a service which

no other can render him so well as we. In this case, honour, all personal feelings, must yield to patriotism, a social feeling; and, *consequently, above the former*. Sometimes, in these incalculable chances of revolutions, the prince may find himself the first in this formidable exception. King, by the fact of his necessity, innocent of his elevation, unhappy, perhaps, from his own grandeur !

CHAPTER IX.

THE form of modern governments is not submitted to discussion—all admit it, or all bow to it; it is given us by the very fact of our civilization: it is the free form, the critical government of discussion, of common consent: it is the republic, as we have seen before, but the mixed republic with many bodies, with one sole head; republic at its base, monarchy at its summit. The need of unity in action, and of a more rapid and intense regulating power, in our vast modern states, the necessity of avoiding the frequent commotions that the conquest of the supreme power would produce in the State, has made us for a long period, consecrate this fictitious and conventional royalty in an hereditary chief. Call him President, or call him King, it matters little; he is no monarch, he has no sole, no personal power: he has a better,—he has the social power centred in him; he is organ and agent; he is no more, he can no more be the source and principle of authority. His rights over us, our duties towards him, thus change

natures and titles : we no longer adore power as sacred and divine ; we discuss it as logic, we respect it as law !

This accepted form,—and we must accept it or quit the world, or retrograde in time, or revolt against civilization itself, and curse our own rights in order to take refuge under the shadow of other's rights, in slavery !—this form, then, accepted, all which will tend to perfect and extend it, all that shall be more conformable to its nature, whether liberty, discussion, common consent, suffrage, equality of social and private rights, will be true policy. It is then we shall have to march onwards with confidence and courage, sure that the more we have conquered consequences of a just and true principle, the more those consequences will produce others, and the more fruit these prolific social truths will produce to humanity.

Apply this intellectual rule to the flagrant questions of the day, and confront them !

THE PEERAGE, or hereditary aristocratic power ? triple impossibility of this epoch ! *impossible* to find,—for the time and labour of ages have ruined, dispersed, ground-up, levelled its elements ; *impossible* to be made acceptable to manners, for the human mind, like the material globe, by an obvious law of its nature, tends to levelling, that is to

to elevat
nity, to
of ali
crated
epoch
only b
tion, c
Book,
equa
the co

Ea
work,
ting
ing b
the h
mar
obed
tyra
toer
son
the
him
bir
age
ma
fict

moveable, like the power, merit, or virtue which produce it,—as for that nobility which God writes on the brow of a great man's descendants, or of a benefactor of men, and which the generations read there despite themselves,—so long as that nobility is not of itself effaced, I acknowledge and respect it. It is not man who has made that, it is Nature ; it has its reason in human reason, for we are in reality a portion, an emanation, a continuation of our ancestors : it has, too, its empire and its influence, independently of all political laws. The name of a virtuous or illustrious man, borne by his descendants, preserved to his family, is not that a privilege, think you ? Yes, undoubtedly, and the most indelible and incontestable of privileges. Then why respect it ? Because it is one of Nature's, not man's privileges ; because it is not exclusively anybody's ; because it may successively, or at the same time, belong to all ! Be great, virtuous, illustrious, and your sons will be respected and influential ! They will bear the stamp of that virtue, of that illustrious character you bequeathed them ; they will be nobles of that nobility, which is not a right, but which is a fact ; esteem, admiration, gratitude.

THE PRESS ? Necessarily free, for it is the voice of all, in an age, and in a social form, where-

in all have the right of being heard ; it is the very speech of modern society ; its silence would be the death of liberty ! Any tyranny that meditates the murder of an idea, commences by gagging the press. All our political parties have triumphed by it and have fallen by it, after having turned against it. All accuse it, and all have cause to complain of it ; for none of these parties have taken the only means to brave and to conquer it,—*that of being always in the right*. The press, after a thousand vicissitudes, after passing like a weapon, sometimes murderous, sometimes defensive, from the conqueror to the conquered, from the oppressor to the oppressed, will finish by rendering all deception impossible, all tyranny,—of one alone, or of the multitude—impracticable in the world ; and will found what we already catch a glimpse of in the far distance, the rational era, or the government of public reason ! Let victors accuse and proscribe it ; let victims bless and cherish it, it is both their parts to do so ; for it is divine justice, manifested by human speech ! Unceasingly, with its invisible finger, it inscribes on the walls of all Belshazzars, those three words,* which make all iniquities, all tyrannies, turn pale, in the midst of their glory and their satellites.

EDUCATION ? Large and liberal, wide-spreading,

• “ Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” I presume.—Tz.

multiplied, everywhere abounding ; and, in particular, *gratuitous* ; whatever the economists, those materialists of politics, may say. He who gives a truth to the people's minds is bestowing an eternal alms on the generations to come : civilization is only light descending from the hills into the valleys, from the high places on the masses : a government of discussion, of criticism, of election, presupposes instruction and its necessity. If then, liberty be a benefit, and if you wish to render man capable of liberty, let him be instructed. Let him be instructed. Not as you choose him to be, you systematic powers, narrow-minded, intolerant, often behind your epoch ; but as he wishes to be, as his wants or necessities would have him ! Do not close, do not dry up the fountains where the generations will go to slake their thirst ! Let every one drink at the waters, and drink his fill. *All restriction on liberty of instruction, beyond that of simple police, in a free country, is an attempt on the moral liberty of the human race ; a crime against the progressive truth which manifests itself as it will, when it will, in its own day, its hour, its own form, its language, by its own and not by your organs. If education had only been free before this epoch of the world, the world would now possess a treasure of truth and of science*

which would have augmented in equal proportion with its treasure of happiness and virtue; for all truth fertilizes virtue by its rays! The Divine Word itself, Christian truth, the most social of all truths, has only been taught in spite of men, in the catacombs, upon the cross, or at the stake. Had it been free, that sublime teaching, would, in a few ages have traversed the whole earth, which it has not yet traversed in 2,000 years.

THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE?
Happy and incontestable necessity of an epoch where the power belongs to all and not to some! Incontestable, for, under a free and universal government, a worship cannot be exclusive and privileged; happy, because religion has force, and beauty, and virtue, only in conscience; it is beautiful, it is pure, it is holy, only between man and his God. Between the faith and the priest, between the priest and the faithful, nothing is wanted: if the State interposes between man and that divine ray which he should seek only in heaven, it obscures or alters it; religion then becomes something palpable and material for man, thrown to or withheld from him at the caprice of all tyrannies; it partakes of the love or the hate which human power inspires, varying or falling with it; it is the sacred fire of the altar, kept up with the corruptions of courts

and the impurities of public places ; it is the word of life in a dead mouth ; buying and selling in the temple ! This system makes hypocrites when the State is Christian, unbelievers when it is sceptical, Atheists or martyrs when it is persecuting. But enough on this subject. A voice issuing from the temple, a voice which has the double authority of priesthood and of genius, proffers to us every day that symbol for men of faith and of the future. M. de Lamennais has founded his journal on this idea ; he has sufficient confidence in truth, to bring it face to face with liberty ; he thinks that God, who has given both, will make them increase and triumph. Murmurs are raised against some bitter truths that the illustrious writer has flung, without warning, at his party and his age. Exaggeration and rudeness are never justified by the truth, which is only moderation and love ; but this age wants a word *forte et dure*. We do not plant the tree which is to shadow ages, without clearing the soil with the iron ; we do not graft the bough without tearing the bark !

ELECTION ? There is no truth in modern social or representative power, unless there be truth in the election ; and there is no truth in the election unless it be universal. However, if you give suffrage to classes who comprehend it not, or who

cannot exercise it with independence, you give a mere figment ; that is to say, you really refuse it. Several opinions, issuing from opposite points, and wishing to attain a contrary aim, are demanding in concert universal suffrage. One of the two parties is assuredly mistaken ; for both, though demanding the same means, certainly do not wish the same result. Is there light ? Is there *bona fides* in both of these opinions ? Necessarily, one or other is in error.

This is the gravest question in the organisation, at once free and vital, which this century must establish. We would solve it thus : *universal* suffrage to be true, *proportional* suffrage to be just.* We have already seen, that an hereditary peerage, or a moderate aristocracy, does not, and cannot exist, on the levelled soil of the epoch and the country. We went farther ;—we proved that it could not subsist, either in logic or morality. Society, throughout, has in effect conservative interests, which it has always been an object to constitute, or to incorporate into a second chamber. When the elements of this second chamber are present, it is well ; but to-day, in France, where

* This is a modification of the universal suffrage of the Chartists, whose proportional is in reference to numbers of the returning constituents, and in no wise refers to their property, or so-called stake in the country.—Ta.

these elements are dissolved, you are invincibly led to one sole national representation, inasmuch as a political power should be a truth, and can only represent and realise what it is. Whether you make it speak at two tribunes or at one, is of little moment; your national representation, necessarily one, should represent at once social movement and stability—great, middling, and small properties—the interests of action and of repose; it should represent them in their sincere reality, proportion, and combination. To attain this vigorous veraciousness, this rigorous justice, there is only one means—the proportional suffrage. So long as you do not arrive at that easy realisation, France will neither progress nor repose; she will be agitated without advancing—she will fall, she will rise, to fall again. Proportional and universal suffrage—that is to say, a suffrage which, starting at the lowest steps of civic and landed rights, the sole means of establishing the existence—the rights, and interests, of the citizen, will rise by degrees to the most elevated steps in the ladder, and will cause a real expression of his real political importance to be given to every one by a vote, in the true measure and exact proportion of his social existence. Perfect veracity, rigorous justice, complete democracy, and still, aristocracy *de facto* also

recognised: suffrage in several scales alone resolves this problem. All the political unities would have their suffrage in it, elevating, purifying, enlightening themselves in succession, until the supreme election, exact product of the forces, the rights and the interests of the time and country. There is only one objection to this system; the country of to-day objects to it, because it has once made a ridiculous trial of it; and also, let us say, because it is not sufficiently fond of political truthfulness. But what are antipathies, brought face to face with truth? The one falls and is blotted out, the other increases and survives: we shall come to that.

THE SUPREME POWER? It is the root of every social question. Once the principles admitted and the power found, the social form is organized, it lives, it advances, it endures. To find power in the ruins of a political convulsion, which has created and destroyed so much during a half century; before that new immense, incalculable force, ever young, ever agitating,—the press—before opinions, divergent, fiery, susceptible, irritated, often iniquitous, demanding justice and strength, and refusing respect and assistance: before the enmities of a party which wishes no power, and the jealousies of two other parties who wish it not, unless on condition of its belonging to them intact: to take

root where no soil is, exposed to the wind of every storm :—insoluble problem !

The actual power,* with the appearances of usurpation, is not, however, born of itself, but of the faults and calamities of others : all that is replaced is not usurped. Springing forth as a necessary dictatorship, more against insurrection than through it ; improvisatory fortress between the Republic and despotism, between civil war and anarchy, between the shock, but for it, inevitable between Europe threatening and France defenceless : it seems to have in itself all the conditions of a long dictatorship, rather than the conditions of a peculiar and definitive existence. Instantaneousness, necessity, borrowed and conventional strength, common shelter in the tempest, neutral ground where all parties meet, but where none settles, save on conditions. Since dictatorship is its nature, it has but one means of living, of acting, of moving,—that is as dictatorship, otherwise it is condemned to tyranny or inaction : tyranny is obnoxious to it, and inaction is death. Flinching, if it rest on aught but itself, it falls ; lame, if it rest upon more than one party, it cannot take a step : its mission was to found and to organize a free government, and it cannot be a free government, if it do not belong

* The Government of Louis Philippe.

equally to all parties, if it becomes the organ and the agent of tyranny, for any one over another. Forced thus to get itself sanctioned by the reason of all ; to be legitimized at all events temporarily for all : by the very law that has created it, by the necessity of its dictatorial existence, by the breadth and sincerity of the future institutions it is called to preside over, by the confidence and gratitude it should know how to inspire the nation with, it ought every day, at every hour, generously submit itself to enquiry: none then will refuse it strength, none will dispute the period with it. It has years in store : the question of a dynasty and a prison is nothing before the future, before the immense social question ! And when its work is accomplished,—when opinions and facts shall have pronounced the judgment of God ; whether it be established for ages, whether it be effaced and retire before another moral necessity, its share in posterity will still be great. Type of national order, dictatorship of the age, if it do not attach a throne to a family, it will have given its name to the institutions of the modern epoch. To found an era of liberty and justice, to organize a new social principle, is finer in the eyes of the future than to inherit a throne, and to establish a dynasty ! *

* Prophetic apostrophe of the duties of the new government,

GOVERNMENT? It has not hitherto fully comprehended, either its basis, its mission, or its path. *Three* ministers have been appointed :* *the first* saw in the catastrophe of July a dynastic accident only, of which the progressive spirit of the epoch would take no account ; he thought he saw in it only men to be changed, ciphers to be expunged, escutcheons to be remodelled. Men of merit, talent, and light, for fifteen years of opposition, were taken unawares by this great day : their system all made, was not cut to the fashion of the age : they have become great since their fall, by eloquence and energy. *The second* sought for unpopularity,—wild beast, which caresses you so long as you have men or principles to toss to it : that minister fell powerless before that popularity, which was commencing to roar : he made a generous movement against it the day of the trial of Charles the Tenth's ministers, he offered his life for theirs. That day does honour him, as he does honour to France.

The third comprehended the European crisis, foreign affairs, wonderfully ; in making treaties, those written ethics of nations, respected, he prevented universal war. To whomsoever that knows the actual condition of Europe, universal war is the

* Casimir Perier, Thiers, Guizot.—TRA.

final European cataclysm. He who shall throw open the folds of its cloak, *will assume the responsibility of an age of chaos, of murder, of blood, and servitude*; he will do what Belgium and Holland would do were they to overthrow their dykes, and to open a way to the ocean; nationalities and individuals, liberties and principles, friends and enemies,—everything would be engulfed.*

Now there was no sufficient need to rush on these terrible risks. Belgium was constituted more for than against us; she is a dismantled and half enfeebled frontier of Europe. As to Poland—sublime resurrection of a nationality which cannot be extinguished, tardy but heroic protestation of a right sacrificed by Europe—France, shameful accomplice in her severance at another epoch; France, which has no booty, but only blood to render back, had doubtless the right to recognise the fact of her resurrection, for it is always allowable to live again: the date of a political crime does not constitute a right against the victim. There is no prescription against a people who will and can rise from their sepulchre; but if France had this right of acknowledgment and succour, she had also the right and the duty to bide her

* How consolatory and reassuring this denunciation to those who dread, in the Provisional Government, the partizans of war!—Tr.

own time! Her national sympathy for Polish heroism did not impose on her government the necessity, probably ineopportune, of blindly precipitating her into the chances of an universal collision. Governments are the tutors of the people, the tutors of Europe; in that capacity they may have to resist even the most generous of the passions—enthusiasm and pity; even, too, while sharing in them as men. Was the hour chosen by Poland convenient for France, scarcely re-organised? or for her government, trembling to move on a basis not established? That is the question. We cannot answer it. The government alone has the elements of its determination, as it would alone support the future responsibility of it. Right is a great power; admiration and pity are puissant auxiliaries. Wars of sentiment are the finest and most heroic; witness the Crusades, la Vendée, and Spain. We have seen a people rise again with less lively sympathy, and less courageous imprudence. But, placing ourselves in the point of view of July, and in the hypothesis of the actual government, Poland perhaps made a bad choice of her day; a year sooner, three years later, she would have been aided by Europe, and have triumphed. The massacres of Warsaw, and the assassination of the generals, betray, even in this

revolution, that hideous hand of blind and sanguinary demagoguism which defiles all it touches. From the day on which crime shews itself in a popular cause, the cause perishes : that infernal genius, that Mephistopheles of liberty, dishonours heroism, and discourages liberty itself.

The actual ministry brought into play a fine character, a man of heart, of conscience, of talent ; a man who knows how to brave the tempest, and to hold firm to a principle ; but he chooses his men by chance. Foreign affairs, so well grasped by him, show that he can see what is palpable, what is under his eyes : the interior,—above all, the aristocratic question, so ill analysed, so badly engaged,—shews that he has not horizon enough in his mind. We pity him, but we honour him, and we regret that so fine a courage and so firm a conviction are not fighting on a greater field.

LEGISLATION? Particularly criminal legislation, —to be entirely re-made ; no longer on the principle of the Pagan codes,—principle of vengeance and retaliation,—but on that of the Gospel, on a Christian base ; the spirit of justice, but of mildness, charity, indulgence, repentance, purification, and not of vengeance and death : above all, to strike out the punishment of death. I do not think, with some who wish to banish it from our codes, that society

has not the right of death, because it cannot confer life : the existence of society being necessary, society has all the rights necessary to that existence. But that brutal law of retaliation,—just, so long as society was weak and imperfectly constituted, and when a prompt, evident, instantaneous vengeance was needed,—has now survived its necessity. Not only does it seem to me no longer necessary, but hurtful to modern society ; it does not render crime and the criminal less frequent, but it renders them more ferocious. A bloody legislation renders manners bloody ; a mild legislation tempers and softens them. Fear is not a virtue. Christian legislation wishes virtues, and leaves terror to crime. Let us have the courage, at least, to try this suppression of blood in our laws, and to offer, even imprudently, that sublime and generous challenge to Providence, to mankind, to the future !

“But” you will say to me here, “what is to be the bridle in your logic ? In what proportion, in what measure will the legislature, the people itself, leave to future generations, the liberties and institutions of which you have just been admitting the necessity or convenience ? Where will your family, your communal, your provincial, your national rights and liberties, stop ?”—They will stop where public reason and conscience show their abuse or excess ;

they will extend in the proportion and the measures of the country and the time; public reason and conscience show their abuse and excess; they will extend in the proportion and the measure of the morals of the country and the time; public reason and conscience cannot be deceived long; they have only to confront them with morals. Morals, in effect, are the only basis, the indispensable condition of the laws: a strict proportion is necessary between the one and the other; and so soon as this proportion is violated,—so soon as this harmony fails,—legislation will be abortive; it will bear no fruits, or bear only fatal ones. This misconstruction, this antagonism of laws and morals, of Spartan severity and Sybarite effeminacy, kills a people. Examination, reason, experience, and conscience, are here to declare, *bond fide*, what is instantly possible with us, or what is only attainable with the aid of habits, progress, and time; the press and speech, free, are there in their place, carrying incessantly all these questions before the national grand jury,—before opinion which pronounces, but not without appeal, in a system of majority. . Nay, more; when a liberty is ripe, it will fall of course from the tree, with a puff of popular wind, upon a soil prepared to receive it.

Here you will be astonished, perhaps, not to hear me condemn more that which we call **CENTRALIZATION**, the common abuse against which all parties rise in concert, because all seek to destroy, none to establish; not to see me, in my turn, dislocate some member of the national union. God and common sense preserve me from buying popularity at such a price! To ask political liberty, deliberative and elective, for all opinions, for all interests, for all localities, is in effect to destroy what ought to be destroyed,—political centralization, the oppressive influence of a capital, of a party, of a class, of a man; the monopoly of liberty, in short despotism. Such is the right tendency of a liberal and enlightened mind; this is the work of the day, and of the age; but to destroy administrative and executive centralization, to drive life and thought back into the members, instead of placing them strong and full in the head of the state, to break the necessary ties of *power* and *action*, to remake of France, so strong, because she is *one*, a provincial federation, weak, crippled, disjointed, and vacillating, after time and the genius of civilisation have been wasted in making of these incoherent parties a grand and vigorous national union,—that would be the wish of folly, or it would be the cry of despair.

Administrative centralisation, meditated by all our monarchical statesmen, operated after all by the constituent Assembly, is the only monument that the Revolution founded with all the ruins it made!* That intensity of strength, in that uniformity of action, which enables social thought once freely conceived and become law, to be executed at the same moment with celerity, regularity, controul, and uniformity, in all the spheres of the administration of a vast State, is the unity of those great bodies which we call a nation! If you destroy it, they perish, or that unity reconstructs itself in spite of you, for it is their life, and the

* At and previous to the epoch of the great Revolution, every province of France, Brittany, Dauphiny, Normandy, &c. had its separate Parliament, the States, its own fiscal regulations, its local customs, laws, weights and measures; and was, to all intents and purposes, a separate State; just as Biscay, in Spain. This pernicious localization was thrown down by the Revolution, and by the celebrated sitting at which the nobility, the provinces, the *tiers état*, and the clergy, vied in liberality with each other, and prodigally abandoned all these abuses, without, however, having had the precaution to provide a general substitute for that which had been, if partial, at least legal and effective. These inconsiderate steps, conceived and carried out in the phrensiad enthusiasm of new-found liberty, were the causes of infinite embarrassment; and the want of regular Government led to half the monstrous evils that succeeded. The first care of Napoleon was the framing of a new legislative code, and the establishment of uniform coinage and measures.—Tz.

dissolution of this unity, or of this centralization, is death!

Let the soul of the social body, that is to say, political thought and action, be free, expansive, able to prove themselves speaking and acting everywhere; let them be no more enchained, as they have been hitherto, to the caprice of a tyrannical bureaucracy, *to the delirium of a capital in revolt, sport of a tribune, or of a faction*; let them have their power and their point of support in themselves and upon themselves—upon the powers, the interests, the opinions, of families, of communes, and of provinces! but let the national administration be one!—one in its form, one in its action. Let all the strings of the governmental machine act on a single centre, where they receive impulse, power, and regularity! The relative power of nations lies entirely in the perfection of this system of unity or centralization; the first duty of nations is to live, is to remain independent; and to remain independent, they have but one way,—to be strong: to centralize administrative action is not progress; it is decline.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION AND CONJECTURES.

THESE are, Sir, the general outlines of the political route, in which I wish to see our friends and enemies walk ; in which I wish that the press and speech, executive and Chambers, should guide France, and Europe : it is the only road which has not an abyss at its termination, or which conducts to a future. You know it ; before the catastrophe which afflicted our hearts without surprising our foresight, for we did foresee it, prompt, certain, inevitable, at the end of the false, narrow, retrograde path, where blindness and error were urging on those we loved to have as guides, whom we followed as the soldier should follow his chief,—to death, but not to suicide,—these were our thoughts and our words. Alas ! barren thoughts and words, which the breath of adulation, or of intrigue, never suffered to reach the ears of kings ; which the wind of popular passions may also carry away, perchance, to-day ! Never mind ; they will fall dry and cold upon the sand, or upon the rock, but they will not die there for ever ; a true idea,

a social idea, fallen from heaven on mankind, never returns to the void ; once it has germinated in some true hearts, in some logical and healthy minds, it bears in itself a something vital, divine, immortal, which cannot entirely perish ; passions, vile interests, ignorance, habit, prejudices, envy, may crush it beneath their feet, may mutilate it with the sabre, or the axe : its fruits are delayed for a day, for a century perhaps or two. Providence has its hand full of centuries, and counts them not in its works : but at the century marked, at the fatal day,—perhaps we are at it,—the living idea whose seeds have been shed abroad, and multiplied by the very storm, bursts forth at one moment in all minds. All parties send it out again as their own ; all opinions own it as the bottom of their common thought ; foreseen or not, an event happens, may be an accident, and the world is renewed. The idea of liberty has all these characters : if *France would, if powers knew how*, this great fact of social renovation might be worked out under our eyes : nothing opposes it, nothing resists it in things, as in minds ; the hour has struck.

But *will France ? do powers know how ?* Yes, France wills, but she wills faintly ; her long convulsions, her fifteen years' repose, her false posi-

tion on a misunderstood and a contested right, her fear of novelties, her weariness of hope, her distrust of error, nay, of truth, her industrialism, enervating worship of gold, her prompt infatuations and rapid disgusts, her captivation with military glory, her secret favour for a despotism that flatters her with conquests, that stuns her with drums, her spirit of faction, hatred, mutual abuse, wherewith she wears out her strength against herself; and, above all, permit us to say, her little faith in high morality, the decline of religious feeling, feeling which vivifies all the others, heroism of conscience, without which human nature has not enough faith in itself, does not sufficiently understand its own dignity, does not place its aims sufficiently high, has not confidence and desire enough to attain them:—all this has exhausted in us the beginning of great things; that motive-power of generous and bold resolutions, and moral basis of all free institutions, political virtue. It is political virtue we are deficient in, and that it is which makes me doubt and tremble for ourselves! Political virtue? I know that liberty produces it by exercising it; but there must be some beforehand to sustain liberty. When Rome could reckon but one Cato, Cæsar was not far distant.

But *do the powers know how?* No, if they continue to seek their support in an element which is now beginning to fail, which will be found wanting still more in the future, the aristocracy; in the restriction, and not in the expansion, of political right and action.—If they continue to keep their hands clenched instead of opening them wide; if they will reign and not guide; if they will pitch their tent for a day, and force the social mind to a precarious halt in the defile at which the nineteenth century has arrived, and where it will be smothered, unless it pass through with daring power, at the head of its generations. Thus, possibly, two things are deficient at this epoch, without which all theory falls to the ground, all experience vanishes in air,—a country and a man.

For want of the man, the political man, the man complete in intelligence and virtue—a man, sublime and living impersonation of an age, strong in the strength of his own and his epoch's conviction; Bonaparte of speech, having the instinct of social life and the lightning of the tribune, as the hero has that of death and of the battle-field, palpitating with faith in the future, Columbus of liberty, capable of discovering another political world, of convincing us of its existence, and of leading us to it by the persuasion of his eloquence, and the do-

mination of his genius. For want of such a man, anarchy may be there—vile, hideous, retrogressive, demagoguic, sanguinary, yet impotent and short-lived,—for even anarchy supposes strength. Crime has also its party in France; the scaffold has its apostles. But crime can never be a political element; crime is the most anti-social of human things, because society is not, and cannot be, other than morality and virtue. This party is beyond the law of the country and of civilisation; it is to politics what robbers are to society,—they kill, but they do not reckon. Society has neither a necessity nor an appetite for blood; it has not even to fight—nothing to overturn before it—all is made straight under its steps. That imitative admiration for the men and the works of terror is nothing but the sophism which sometimes accompanies the hangman, as it precedes him always; it is an after taste of blood, shed and drunk in our epoch of shame, which some maniacs take for thirst, and which is only the tiger's dream.

For lack of political virtue in the country, at the first earthquake of the powers, at the first hurricane on the tempestuous sea of liberty, a general clamour will arise. Put back, give up all the way we have made, take in sail; the most precarious port will be good. The most obscure, the most

ignorant soldier, will don the cocked-hat and the grey coat, and fancy himself a Bonaparte ; will sabre liberty and civilisation, root and branch, and will exclaim, " My people," until they detect that the hero is only a straw-stuffed effigy, and until they seek another who wears tyranny more gracefully, and dresses up slavery better ! This free people does not love liberty enough ; they always think they see the temple of glory, with a hero in the doorway, open to admit them, and to avenge them for a new anarchy. They are mistaken ; the hero is no more, and liberty is their only asylum.

Let us, then, seek after POLITICAL VIRTUE ; let us seek after it both for ourselves and others, this period will take care to exercise it ; let us seek it where it is to be found, in a strong conviction, in a sincere faith of mankind's progressive destiny, in a religious respect for our dignity as man, in a severe contemplation of the divine issue, that God has placed before society as before individual life. This issue is himself ; it is the perfection of the individual, and the perfection of the generic being, human nature, which ought to bring the virtuous man, and society itself, nearer to God.

This divine thought, applied at length to policy, is already fermenting in the young generation

which presses on us : in that generation,—young, strong, moral, religious,—is all the hope for the future. Saint Simonism itself is a happy symptom ; bold plagiarism, which comes from the Gospel, and which ought to return there, it has already rescued some enthusiastic spirits from the vile doctrines of industrial and political materialism, to open to them the indefinite horizon of moral perfection and of social spirituality. That is, in reality, the point to be gained ; but by the route Christ has traced out, which his progressive doctrine enlightens in proportion as man advances, and upon the real and solid ground of humanity, upon the respect for all rights, upon the accomplishment of all duties, upon the reform, and not upon the destruction, of the only basis which God has hitherto given to his family and to society—*property*. It may be, humanity will discover, one day, another social principle : nothing can be denied, nothing affirmed of the unknown. The horizon of humanity draws back and renews itself, in proportion to the steps it has made ; the Divine Word alone knows where it will lead us. The Gospel is full of social, and yet obscure promises ; it unfolds itself with time, but it discloses to each epoch only that part of the route it ought to attain. Saint Simonism traces a parallel road, but

in the clouds ; it is a religion without a God ; it is Christianity without faith, which is the life of it ; it is the Gospel without the reason and knowledge of man. All that there is in it sincere, elevated, or aspiring to a more perfect and more divine terrestrial order, will soon perceive that it cannot walk without foundation ; that it must reach to the skies by its desires, but to human reality by the facts, and will return to the principle which gives at once speculative truth and practical force ; the indefinite hope of the perfection of civil societies, and the rule, the moral, and the measure which alone can direct them there. This principle, from whence we all emanate, believers or sceptics, friends or enemies, is Christianity ! its logical deduction is social perfection ; it is this which has made modern liberty, more true than ancient liberty ; it is this which prepares for us again political and civil charity, more true than the narrow, exclusive, and egotist patriotism of antiquity ; its reign will be no other *than the rational epoch, the reign of reason*, for reason is also divine.

A word here.—By this future and perfect reign of rational Christianity, I do not mean that material reign of Christianity, that palpable and universal empire of the Catholic principle, predominating in fact over all the political powers,

subjugating even the world to religious truth, and giving also the lie to the sublime word of its author, "*My kingdom is not of this world.*" This doctrine of religious policy realized in social forms,—a doctrine which some men of faith and talent are vainly rekindling to-day,—has never had the assent of my reason. It is seeking, in a crowned mysticism, in a posthumous theocracy, in a priestly aristocracy, a principle and rule of human power which exists nowhere but in despotism, or political aristocracy. Truth itself should not be manifested, nor imposed by forms of material domination; for her agents will be always men. Men alter or corrupt all which they touch with the hands of man, and make, of the liberty of the children of God, a degrading tyranny for us. The only form of manifestation, and empire of religious truth, opposed to social and political truth, is speech—is liberty. The only yoke of hearts and understandings, is conviction; that is the only empire of Christian truth, the only yoke we all bear with liberty and with love, when the immortal trunk of Christianity, which renews its branches and its foliage, according to necessities and periods, shall have borne and multiplied its last fruits for us.

Let us now revert to the present day, and

conclude. You see hope and light in a distant horizon, in the future of the generations which follow us; uncertainty and darkness over our actual fate, our immediate future. Meanwhile, hope prevails; and if each of us, without regard for party opinions or desires, places himself in the truth which is immediately before him, seeks there his daily duty, and employs his strength without calculating it, the result leaves not a doubt: the social world will have made an immense step, and even its fall will have advanced it several ages. I am no prophet, but reason prophesies; an eternal law, a moral law, which the ancients called fatality, which the Christians name Providence, and which is nothing more than divine will, enchainning consequences to principles, effects to causes, is working eternally for or against us, according as we start from the false or the true. In the private life of the individual, as in the social life of empires, this law shows itself incessantly, by its happy or vengeful applications; it requites, even in this world, every man according to his works, according to his truth and virtue. It is the shadow of divine justice that we perceive on the earth. With this divine law before our eyes, we can and do in reality predict every day, with a full and infallible assurance.

We can then *predict*, that if a right has been omitted, or voluntarily violated in a political fact, its absence or its violation will plunge the power and the country in a long and laborious expiation.

That if the power, innocent itself of the political necessity from whence it springs, comprehends this dictatorship of events, this mission of a social destiny, and entirely employs it without any self-seeking, for the disinterested salvation of the country, in the sincere and broad foundation of a liberal and rational order; it will triumph over all obstacles, it will create what is its evident mission to create; and will last so long as these necessary things ought to last, time to finish their work; itself a transition to another order of things more advanced and more perfect.

That if it does not comprehend itself, and if it does not profit to the benefit of liberty and humanity by the fugitive moments which are given to it; if it does not see that a long, broad, and straight road is open, without obstacle before it, and that it can carry thereby the spirits, laws, and facts, to a point from whence they can no more retrograde; if it counts itself as something, if it stops or returns, it will perish, and several ages, perhaps, will perish with it.

That if the constitutional royalists, the men of

fidelity, religion, monarchy, liberty, and progress, persist in setting their repugnance of mind, their scruples of memory, their affections of party, above their rights and duties, as men and citizens; that if they retire, as they have just done, from all modern political action,—election; that if they look on without fighting, at the political *mêlée* occurring under their eyes, and of which they are themselves the blood-stained prize; if they let anarchy gain the victory over them; if they let liberty, which is no better than oppression, unless it belong to all, be founded without them; if they obstinately refuse to enter into the new era, into this common sanctuary of refuge, which events and social providence open so often to them; that if they allow themselves, their principles, their religion, and their cause to be placed beyond the law of the age, beyond the protection and gratitude of the future, they are committing suicide; they are concurring in the ruin of the present, in the murder of the social future; and they are preparing for themselves, for their country, for their children, one of those deplorable chastisements that Providence inflicts sometimes as severely on error as on crime. For us, innocent of this error, if we do not repudiate our part of the punishment, which will make no choice, let us repudiate at least all participation

in the fault. We shall have at least protested; if our voice cannot be understood, it will at least have been lifted up! Let it resound again! Let us follow this light which shines for us, this light which all can see, that light which illumines political morality with the same light as private morality. Let us do the best we can under all given circumstances. Events do not belong to us, but our determination wholly belongs to us; events are never neuter, consequently we never have the right to be so. There is always, in all combinations of human affairs, an ill to avoid, a good to seek, a choice to make. Some one has said, that in times of revolution, it is oftentimes less difficult to do one's duty than to know it; but the moral of Christianity has a light that always illumines our steps sufficiently, in displaying always an end, which the instability of events, and the stormy wind of fortune can neither veil nor move,—the weal of humanity. The choice which this morality commands us, let us make it from day to day, hour to hour, according to reason, conscience, and virtue: let us yield nothing of it to our enemies, nothing to our friends, even; let us endure hatred and insult from the one, smiles and raillery from the others. Before each man, before each epoch, before each deed, there is a duty; in each duty

there is a virtue, in each virtue a present or future reward. Each of these duties, accomplished by us, is, without our knowing it, high policy, for *policy is only morality applied to civil life.*

Our duty to ourselves, like our policy, is to confound ourselves with the country from which we cannot secede without weakening it, and, consequently, not without crime : the country, which never had greater call for succour, for illumination, and for energy, would never pardon us for not having offered so much of them as in our station we may possess. Let us not constitute ourselves the helots of civilization and of France ; let us not, by a false political attitude, accept, let us not justify, that title of "conquered," which skilful enemies would impose on us to give themselves the odious rights of victory ;—that title of conquered, for which some of us have the weakness to honour ourselves ! There were no conquered in France in the battle of July, except those who, in fact or in heart, betrayed the sworn law, to attack the country in her right and her repose, to overturn institutions, and place at the mercy of a street row, a nation, a throne, Europe, and the age ! We are not of such men ! We reproved them beforehand, at the time, and afterwards : let us lament their blindness and their punishment, but not adopt to

ourselves the political reprobation wherewith we struck them before defeat, before posterity. They committed the fault, and we pay the penalty : we are neither the victors, nor the vanquished ; we are the victims of July ! Let us know our true denomination, and let us make others know it ; we are Frenchmen, and worthy of France. Let us unite our efforts to hers, to upraise her, to sustain her, to constitute, and to defend her : if she repulse us, let us sorrow over her, but let it not be said that we have abandoned her ! Let us press into the ranks of her national militia, present ourselves whenever there may be disinterested services to be rendered ! Let us not examine under what colour or under what sign, but for whom and for what we are fighting ! It is France and the country ; it is ever humanity ! Honouring all signs, all colours that she unfurls, let us vote in the municipal councils ! Let us vote in the departmental councils ! Let us, above all, vote in the electoral colleges ! Let us not voluntarily close the door of political action, of election, by an evasion or by an error.

Let us enter, if the door is open to us, into the assembly of the country's representatives ; let us mount the tribune with a convinced, loyal, and firm speech : if the chamber has no echoes for us, the

country will have. The words of the people's envoy go further, and are weightier, than the voice of the writer : it is a whole population, a whole province, a whole opinion, that speak by this mouth. It has a mission to put forward, a political symbol ; to protest in the name of a truth, or of an interest. The tribune is the chair of popular truth ; the words which fall from it are reality and life. Let us ascend it, then ! Let us ascend it, not to speak more audibly to passions which call on us to flatter them, and which pay our baseness with applause ; not to caress with vain regrets, nor to envenom with bitter antipathies ; not to recriminate against a past that belongs to nobody ; not to plant ambushes in the embarrassed way of a power that has too many abysses under its feet ; not even to dissertate like the sophists of Constantinople on the quibbles of political dogma, the law, divine or social, the source of legitimacy of government ; the rights of a family over a people, or of a people over a family. Let us leave such things to moments of peace and vain disputation, and their solution to times and deeds, which alone can resolve them. Let us speak there of the present and the future ; let us establish there large and prolific theories of rights and liberty ; let us infuse our religious, moral, progressive sentiments into the

laws; let us there recall to human nature what she owes to herself, what she owes to the generation she is pregnant with; let us make her comprehend the epoch before her eyes, and which she sees not; let us show her this age, opened for great things, and yet ready to precipitate itself into vain quarrels of words and persons, into political inanities, into sterile wars, into national ruin, into European calamities, if she do not seize it immediately, if she does not gather the fruit ripe to-day, to-morrow rotten! Let us descend thence to the interests of the day; let us help the democracy to organise itself, to live; let us give it guides, make it laws, create morals for it, for it alone is all the future of the world; especially let us teach it, that it cannot live without form, that the form of all political reality is a government; that the life of every regular government is a strong and true executive; that this executive cannot be the mobile expression of inconstant factions, the perpetual work of popular caprice; that it wants roots in the soil, to resist tempest; that these roots are organic laws, which must attach it to the country, and communicate to its limbs the sap which it will there extract. Let us remind it, that to be a free people, it does not suffice to write the word liberty on the frontis-

piece of its government ; but that it must stamp it on the very foundations ; and, “from turret to foundation-stone,” fabricate of the social edifice an harmonious whole of rights, duties, discussion, election and liberty. Above all, let us prove to it, that it should be just, and that the right of all only lives in the right of each. Despotism can subsist on a false base, because it depends on force ; liberty cannot, because she relies on justice. If the right of a single one is wanting in its conditions, its foundation sinks, and it crumbles to atoms.

Let us often raise the looks of men, our thought and our voice, towards that regulating Power from whom flow, according to Plato and our Gospel, justice, the laws, and liberty ; who alone knows to extract good from evil ; who holds in His hands the reins of empires, and shakes them often rudely and with violence, to arouse mankind from their slumbers, and remind them that they must walk in the road of their divine destiny toward light and virtue ; that impulse of human nature towards heaven is not in fractions,—it is an inner force, it is the faith of humanity in progress. Let us recal to ourselves this force and this faith, in times of doubt and trial ; let us put trust in that Providence whose eyes overlook nor age nor day ; let us, *do good, tell truth, seek the right, and wait.*

Adieu, sir ; whilst useless to my country, I am going to seek the vestiges of history, the monuments of Christian regeneration, and the distant echoes of profane or sacred poesy in the sands of Egypt, on the ruins of Palmyra, or at the tomb of David. May you not assist at new ruins, nor prepare for history the funeral pages of a people, which still bears in itself centuries of life, prosperity, and glory ! May the generous hearts and spirits which this earth produces in each generation, without ever exhausting her supply of genius and virtue, extinguish their trivial discussions in the sense of their common duty, and guard that future of France, which France alone can keep or do away with ! That is the wish of the most devoted of her sons, who only quits her for a day, because she does not require him ; whom she can summon at any hour, and who only thinks his thoughts or steps free while he cannot better employ them for her, and do her service or honour otherwise.*

ALPH. DE LAMARTINE.

* Alluding to his proposed journey to the East.

THE END.

